

# On The Hills Of Home



By

John Calvin Sharpe

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## FOREWORD

For the fine cooperation and research work, I would like to express my many thanks to the following persons, who aided me greatly in formulating this Sharpe family report:

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Archie D. Gray, Franklin, Texas

This book is dedicated to my daughter Margaret (Peggy) Sharpe Rodgers, her husband, Gerry Rodgers, their three children, Gerry, Jr., Martha Jane and Jim; all my nieces, nephews and cousins by the dozens, estimated to be well beyond the one thousand mark, and always including the quick and the dead. What a gathering that will be, *On The Hills of Home*.

Selah.

*John Calvin Sharpe*

## SHARPE FAMILY ORIGIN

The family name of Sharpe (or Sharp) is Anglo-Saxon, meaning sharp, quick, and skillful.

Families of Sharpe are to be found in the British Isles, and one is recorded as having lived in Russia. Another lived in the Barbados, West Indies.

Among the Sharpe family in England were distinguished doctors and ministers.

The American records consulted, state that the Sharpe family settled in North Carolina. Judging by the similarity in the Arms, the American family is a direct descendant of the Sharpe family who went from England to the Barbados.

Descendants of this distinguished family can be found throughout our country, many of whom have been prominent in social affairs, the arts, as well as in the world of business.

Reference: Burke's — General Armory

## FAMILY COAT OF ARMS



Sharpe

Arms—Argent, a fess azure, between two cross-crosslets litchee in cheif and a mullet in base sable, a bordure wavy gules.

Crest—A celestial crown, or.

Motto—"Pro mitra coronam"

## HISTORY OF THE SHARPE FAMILY 1066 to 1960

The following is a short historical and genealogical study of the Sharpe family tree from 1066 to 1960. Also, it might have been entitled "The First Thousand Years of the History of the Sharpe Family," since one Baron Von Sharff, a German (this is Sharpe in present day English), came to Britain from Normandy at the time of William the Conqueror. The Baron shared in the land division of the Great Conqueror, and was made a feudal lord at the beginning of the feudal system. This, without a doubt, was the greatest farm program in the history of man, in which the conqueror divides the spoils of victory with his adventurous soldiers. His victory over King Harold of England at the Battle of Hastings, on the English Channel, October 14, 1066, had tremendous influence on western civilization, for the same adventurous spirit led their ancestors to the Americas only a few generations later.

By this time the family had taken on the English spelling of the name, or at least the first record of the earliest use of the name was when Robert Sharp married Barbara Bacon in the year 1513 in Islington, England, which gives rise to the claim of English nationality. But, coming from Normandy to England with William, who was Norman French, the line could have easily been descended from the Northmen, or Vikings from Norway or Scandinavia, who conquered Normandy in 911, and in turn adopted French customs and civilization. To complicate the nationality of the name further, Normandy for centuries had been occupied by a Celtic people, who vigorously resented Roman invasion, and were a member of a blond blue-eyed branch of Aryan family including the Gaelic, Scotch, Irish, Welch and Britons, as well as ancient Gauls, who originated in the slopes of the Northern Alps, and roamed Europe 1200 B.C. The possibilities are numerous, although we claim English and Scotch.

This system of large land owner control, worked by tenants, lasted through the reign of many kings, but at its final breaking up, found some of the Sharp families moving into Scotland in search of new lands, while some remained in England. The news of Columbus' discovery of America at this time was spreading over Europe and the adventurous spirit of the Sharps was kindled anew. Conditions in Scotland had become very unsettled, and Britain had just won mastery of the seas in their defeat of the Spanish Armada, and it seemed that the whole of England had become a nation of sea rovers. More

ships were being built, more young men were needed to man them, thus opening the way for adventurous young men to seek their fortunes in the new world.

The spirit of adventure, which was fanned to its highest peak, was necessary for the crossing of such a wide expanse of little known waters, and none but the very bravest would have attempted such an undertaking. This was, no doubt, an act of providence, for the scattering out of the people has played a most important part in God's plan for man from the beginning; that is, to subdue and replenish the earth.

Through the pioneering spirit, man was placed in the best position to subdue the land and forest, enabling him to endure the hardships and increase his proflits, that he might better care for a family, thus replenishing the earth. Whether the Sharps in England and Scotland at this state of the family history felt it was God's hand leading them or not, they satisfied a pioneering urge, which is a continuing tradition of the family, by sailing for America. Crossing three thousand miles of the storm-battered Atlantic, they were in ships that today's ship builders would consider very unseaworthy.

The next record of the family was that of Samuel Sharp, first to cross the Atlantic, who was wrecked by a hurricane on the coast of Bermuda, in the ship "Sea Venture," soon after the turn of the sixteenth century, and was delayed some time before he could continue his voyage. He settled in Virginia, and was a member of the First Assembly in Virginia. Samuel returned to England, and thence to New England, in 1631. It is possible that he came over with the Jamestown Colony in 1607. Thomas E. Tobitha Sharp came to New England as an assistant to the Massachusetts Bay Company in 1631, and returned to England in 1631. William Sharp and his wife, Hannah, with their three sons, John, William and Hugh, along with his brother, Thomas, came over from England in 1632 in the ship "Samuel," and settled in Eversham TWP, Burlington County, New Jersey.

The ancestral list continues with some very interesting and familiar names that are found in every generation of the family down to the present day, and presents sound historical evidence that the first Sharps who came to England, at least idolized the great conqueror or their leader, by naming three sons William Rufus, John Robert and Henry.



The genealogy list continues, in some instances giving births and marriages as follows: John Sharp, born 1661, married Elizabeth Paine, whose son William Sharp, born 1689, married Mary Austin; their son Hugh Sharp, born 1724, married first to Sabillar, and second to Ann Stratton, whose son Thomas Sharp, born 1759, married Ruth Stratton; and their son William Thomas Sharp, born 1778, married Rachel Partridge, whose several sons and daughters were William, John, Frank, Peter, Ruth, Rachel, Ann and Daniel—the youngest son born 1811 in Baldwin County, Georgia.

Coming back to Daniel Sharp in a later chapter, let's go back and pick up the trail of progress of the other Sharps in early American pioneer life, when the ability to out-fight the Indian, beat him to the bulk of the fur trade, while at the same time growing food to feed the family, were necessary in winning the American continent.

The first settlement was made in Virginia, on the Rappahannock River, on the tidewater of the Chesapeake Bay, where the town is still called Sharps. Others were made in New Jersey and Maryland, still bearing the name of Sharpstown, near the line of Delaware. Two other settlements were made in Pennsylvania, one near Pittsburgh, and still called Sharpsburg, with over ten thousand population; the other was near the line of Ohio and called Sharpsville.

Their great love for the mountains kept them close to the Alleghenies all the way down into East Tennessee. Here the mountains began to spread out into wide plateaus, and some of the boys and their families joined a band of settlers led by Daniel Boone, and went into Kentucky, where they hewed out another Sharpstown, before loading their wagon trains and hitting the trails to discover the wide open plains to the Far West.

William Sharp, who married Rachel Partridge at Cumberland Gap, turning his eyes South, pushed on into East Tennessee, where he spent some time before moving into North Georgia, to Atlanta, where his wife died when Daniel was born. First, Daniel was sent to live with an older sister in Tennessee, but was later placed in the home of Jack and Odella Lynch. They were an elderly couple, and had a considerable amount of influence in bringing up young Daniel Sharp. Seeing the plight of the William Sharp family as they returned to Tennessee, after Rachel, the mother, had died in Atlanta, they offered to take Daniel into their home and care for him as one of their own until the family was better settled, and they did. Daniel lived with the Lynches until he was almost grown.

In the meantime, as the frontiers were steadily pushing to the South and West, tales of adventure

and excitement led William to renew his desire to explore these new lands to the South for a home for his family. But, before any family was safe in this wilderness, the Indians must first be driven out. It was not long before the opportunity of a lifetime was to be his. A call went out for volunteers, and with William's experience in Indian fighting, he was persuaded to join a detachment of men, who joined Andrew Jackson in Tennessee to aid in his campaign against the Indians in Alabama and Florida.

Jackson had already established himself as a leader in frontier fighting with two instant victories under his belt: one was over the Creek Indians at Horseshoe Bend on the Tallapoosa River in Alabama, March 27, 1814, and the other was over the British in the Battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815. Joining Jackson and his men gave William the opportunity of seeing more of the land to the South. Their line of march from Tennessee led across North Georgia down through East Alabama, following almost the same trail which is now Highway 431. One special campsite made six miles North of LaFayette figured heavily in the Sharpe history in Chambers County, to be mentioned later. This was fondly marked in his memory as a large rock, with a cool stream of water flowing across it. This march took place in 1817.

Jackson broke camp here and marched South on his campaign to suppress Indian attacks on white settlers near the Spanish border of the Territory of Florida, where his boldness almost got him in trouble with the U. S. Government. In his eagerness to fight Indians, he exceeded his orders and pushed on into Florida, which was Spanish territory, and captured Saint Marks, hanging two British spies.

John C. Calhoun, who was then Secretary of War, proposed that Jackson be censured for his act, which only resulted in hostility between the two, and when Jackson was elected President, Calhoun was made Vice-President, but later resigned owing to strained relations. This left Jackson in full control, and was a major political victory.

With their war mission accomplished, Jackson's men trekked back to the mountains of Tennessee, where William Sharp was separated from service. Yet the thoughts of rocks, branches and blue daisies of Alabama still lingered in his mind. By this time, Alabama had become a new state, and he lost no time in talking over with his sons, Daniel, Peter and John, the possibility of a trip down to Alabama over the old trail to the campsite, where he aided his sons in settling their families. John settled in

the Fredonia area, Peter and Daniel on adjoining farms in the White Plains Community. The original Jackson Camp Grounds, still in the Sharp family, is being developed today into Sharpe's Playgrounds.

After establishing his sons in Alabama, William made a trip to Tennessee, hoping to return, but was taken ill and died before realizing his dreams. Daniel Sharpe, who spent most of his life in the home of his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lynch (while his father fought with Andrew Jackson in the campaign to drive the Indians out of Alabama), was married early in life to Charlotte Tucker, who was said to have been only thirteen years of age, and could neither read nor write, but was very religious. To them were born 18 children, three of which died in infancy. The other 15 were: the boys, George, Jack, Tom, Daniel, John, Marcellus, Henry, Frank, and Dewitt; and the girls, Mary Ann, Lou, Rachel, Liza and Vick. Henry and Dewitt are the only two boys who reared their families in the White Plains Community. Henry rode the family horse off to war and never returned, leaving a wife and five children under nine. He died and was buried in the Confederate Burial Ground at Petersburg, Virginia. His children were James Monroe, Mittie, Catherine, Beatrice and Henry.

Jack, another Civil War veteran, was serving on the Merrimac when the Confederates battled the Monitor to a draw at Hampton Roads, March 9, 1862. Returning home after the war, he sought his fortunes in Texas where he reared his family. Uncle John went South, and was a real estate agent in Tampa, Florida, and had two children.

Uncle Frank married Ellie McCarley before moving to Kansas and later to Canada. He and several of his children have visited back in Alabama. Their names were Charles, Odessa, Luther, Bertha, Otis, Ursula, Preston, Gladys, and Ruth by his first wife. By his second wife his children were Faye, Hobert, George and Ferne. Frank has eighty living descendants.

Marcellus married Florence Patterson in Kansas and later moved to Canada near Frank. He had two children, and one grandson, who was a minister to the Bahamas. Uncle Tom was said to have fought on the side of the North, and after the war, slipped a yoke of oxen from a Yankee's barn and rode them to Alabama, loaded a wagon with supplies, and drove them to Louisiana where he made his home. Hiram left Alabama soon after his wife died, leaving two children with his mother-in-law, and was never heard from, until lately, when it was reported that he left a wife and family in Mississippi when he died. Daniel died at the age of about nineteen with scarlet fever.

Dewitt married Jane Tomlinson and reared his family in Chambers County, having five girls and three boys. Their names were Charles, Daniel (Bud), Hershel, Florella, Allene, Leila, Ardecie, and Irene. All of them had families except Leila, who was killed when a tornado swept through the community in December, 1890, destroying their home, pinning her under falling timbers and suffocating her before she could be removed. Daniel, who married Sally Leverett, and Florella, who married Ruben Jackson, moved in early life to Sand Mountain, where their families are today. Charles married Autry Cummins; Hershel married Lilla McJunkins; Allene married R. B. Benton; Ardecie married R. A. Sorrell; Irene married B. E. Earle; and all their families stayed in Chambers County, Alabama. At present, there are about two hundred and fifty descendants and connections of the Dewitt Sharpe and Jane Tomlinson marriage.

William Henry Sharpe, the elder son of our forefather Daniel Sharpe, married Molly Smith in the year 1853, ten years before he went off to the Civil War, in which time were born five children: James Monroe, Henry (Judge), Mittie, Catherine and Beatrice. Judge died before he was grown with a kind of swelling in his leg. Beatrice died about the age of 25 in a mental hospital. Mittie and Catherine sold their interest in the home place to James Monroe and moved to Texas, married and had families out there, but we have no record of their descendants. James Monroe (Jim) at the age of 23, married Elvina Laurella Milford, age 20, in the Fall of 1877, moved his young bride into his newly-built one room pine log cabin, with silvery beads of resin still oozing from the huge logs that glistened in the sunlight which showed through the thickly shaded area which he had picked to build his cabin. A cool spring of water at the foot of the hill also played an important part in his choice of a building site. They set up their modern spool-type bed in one corner, just far enough from the wall to keep from sticking to the logs. With no slats and with the ticking and pillows stuffed almost to the cracking point with duck and goose feathers, held up with heavy grass cords giving it almost the swing of a hammock, this was really and truly a feathered nest. Then pegs were driven into holes in the logs for a mantel, closet and rack space. Having completed the furnishings for the one room apartment, they had time left to tour the outside utilities, first of which was the packing plant or smoke house that housed the Winter's meat supply, with jugs and barrels of molasses and cane syrup, and jars of vinegar and brandy peaches. Next stop was the soap factory, where they were to make their own super-suds: a large, roughly built V-shaped box placed in



a trench cut in a log, tilted so that lye would drip into a pot when water was poured over the ashes which filled the box, and required no labor when it rained, and had a technical name of "ash-hopper." From here they visited the "A & P," where they got their vegetables, consisting of a rich spot of ground where they "Applied Palings" to fence the cattle out. Their final stop was at the "Dairy Queen," where old black Sally had plenty of milk for the taking, chewing lazily from a trough full of shucks, occasionally eyeing her new-born calf that lay in the corner of a ten-rail fence.

When we think of the things that happened to them during the next sixty years, as well as the things that didn't happen, we're left with no other thought than that the hand of Providence played a prominent part in their life's work. God's plan for man to subdue the earth and replenish it was carried out with every ounce of their ability.

Before the end of their first year of married life, their first son, Henry Milford, was born September 21, 1878. He was named for his father's and mother's people. In seventeen years, one month and seventeen days, ten boys were born to them. They were born in this order: Ernest Chalmers, May 13, 1880; Webster Hershel, September 26, 1881; Andrew Jackson, May 6, 1883; Wilbur Durelle, November 6, 1885; Rufus Bernard, November 7, 1887; James Otis, June 6, 1889; Jasper Wise, January 22, 1891; John Calvin, December 23, 1893; and Melwyn Hervey, November 8, 1895.

Raising ten boys to the age of 63 and over is no little accomplishment in itself, not to mention clearing some 150 acres of new ground and bottom land, splitting rails and building at least 5 miles of ten-rail fences, ditching several thousand rods of bottom land, building two large rock and piling dams for mill ponds, hauling thousands of loads of rock off the farm, building some 25 houses, barns and out-buildings, planting and gathering 100 acres of crops each year, operating a cotton gin, gristmill and sawmill some 25 years, growing at least one thousand head of cattle, hogs and mules, as well as thousands of chickens, guineas and turkeys, traveling some 40 miles each week to sell produce to clothe and feed the family, operating a beef market, killing many cows and hogs, making some 25,000 gallons of syrup for neighbors and home use, and growing and selling thousands of bushels of sweet potatoes to neighbors for bedding in the Spring. Then, there was the breaking of several yoke of oxen, as well as working them. Fire once destroyed his barns, and having rebuilt them, they were again destroyed by tornadoes, scattering rail fences all over the farm, clogging his fields with huge trees that had to be removed before farm work could be

continued. Pens had to be built for cattle that were roaming the fields until fences could be rebuilt. But were they ever discouraged? Nobody ever heard it mentioned. This does not include the years he worked to support his mother and the five children from age 9, when his father died in the Civil War, in which time he was a regular hand on the farm of a relative some five miles away at a wage of two pecks of meal per week, which he lugged home each weekend to the family. These things are mentioned just for the record, but much more could be added which the man did.

The list of things mentioned are entirely in the field of man's endeavor, but without the helpful, sympathetic understanding of the helpmate in the home, such accomplishments would have been impossible. The old axiom, "The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world," was never more true than in this case. Although he was unquestionably the man of the house and wore the pants with authority, the calm steadying influence of Mother was deeply felt by every member of the family. To enumerate some of the things she did would be beyond the grasp of the woman of today. To begin with, all her *girls* were boys, and she made no attempt to make girls out of them for work at the house. They were all field hands by the time they could lift a hoe. The cooking alone was job enough for any one woman, since many trips to field and garden for fruit and vegetables doubled her work. Making clothes for the entire family until they were grown, along with quilting and other bedding comforts, was another full-time employment.

A typical day found her up at four o'clock in the morning, first in the kitchen, starting a fire in the stove. After parching a cup of green coffee, she poured it into the old coffee mill on the wall and started grinding, sending the next thing to music from one log room to the other: that is, the message that breakfast would soon be ready. After pouring the coffee in the pot, she started churning, which was like putting on a soft record, with the same appeal. Once she started pouring up that red gravy, though, everybody started putting on britches at the same time, for nobody wanted to be the cow's tail.

By daylight she was through with the churning and dishes, and the boys had gone out to do the milking. She grabbed a bonnet and basket and headed for the field to pick peas, taking along a fork with which she dug a peck of sweet potatoes, bringing them back in her apron, and having prepared these she put them on the stove. Now she picks up a large bundle of clothes and a jar of lye soap and bucket to carry water, for this is washday at the spring. Sometimes the woods had to be

combed for wood to fire the pot for boiling the clothes. Water was carried from the spring to fill the pot and large wooden tubs. After boiling each garment, it was battled on a battling block, with a heavy battling stick, some two feet long, that resounded with a thud, halfway across the farm, and everyone knew it was wash day.

Two or three trips had to be made back into the house to see that the pot of vegetables on the stove was still boiling, and wood added to the fire. After the clothes were hung out to dry on trees and small bushes, she made her way back up the hill with a bucket of water in one hand, soap jar in the other, in order to bake the bread and finish dinner before the boys came in from the field. After the boys had eaten, two large baskets of dinner were packed up and sent to a group of hands picking cotton in the

field, and another to the boys and hands that worked at the cotton gin.

The afternoon was taken up with just routine jobs like putting the beds out to sun, scalding the bedsteads for bugs and chinchies, putting new shucks in the old mop, sprinkling sand and lye water on the floors and scrubbing the broad planks until they were as bright as a pin. By night the beds were up, and the boys were ready to bounce on them, with the odors of lye soap rising from the floors and railings, giving one the feeling of not a bug in the house, and sleep was sound and uninterrupted.

This type of activity continued throughout their 82 and 83 years of life. They lived to see their ten boys all living, healthy and normal, with the youngest over 50. Their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and in-laws number over 175.

## ANCESTOR MEMBER OF AMERICA'S OLDEST LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY IN VIRGINIA

Samuel Sharpe sailed from England as a member of the London Company in April 1607, aboard the *Sea Venture*, which was wrecked by a hurricane in the Bermuda Islands. There they were delayed for repairs, and for supplies for the remaining voyage to New England, where settlement was made in Virginia on the James River, which they called Jamestown. It was not the best location for a city, but out of the way of the nearest Indian settlement. This probably accounts for the lack of interference by the Indians on the Colony's arrival, thereby allowing them more time to establish themselves for better protection later on, which proved to be very necessary for their survival. As progress was made along this line their first Assembly was held in 1619. On July 30, newly chosen burgesses from 11 centers of settlements scattered along the James River, met at Jamestown along with the Governor and his councilors.

The appointment of Sir George Yeardley as Governor of the Virginia Company, who arrived from England the same year, proved to be quite a boost to the progress and moral of the Company, since English-speaking people were accustomed to having

*a leader to whom they could look for wise guidance for many of their problems of governmental leadership. Many were relieved for other necessary work that needed to be done, especially ship building, which was fast becoming the no. one occupation of the century. The progress of the colonies depended on the transportation of the seas, and no one could wear the uniform of the Navy any prouder than the Englishman of the 17th century.*

*Two Burgesses were chosen from each of the 11 sections of the Jamestown area, of which 4 were designated as James City, Charles City, Henricus City, and Elizabeth City, 3 were Plantations, Capt. John Martin's Plantation, Captaine Lawnes' Plantation, Captaine Warde's Plantation, 3 were hundreds, Smythe's Hundred, Martin's Hundred, Flowerdieus' Hundred, The 11th section was known as Argall's Gulffe and was represented by Captaine Thomas Pawlett and Edward Courgaing, Samuel Sharpe and Samiel Jordan, who were chosen to represent the Charles City Section, and placed on the committee for perusing the Bookes for the Power.*

**DANIEL SHARP**



**DANIEL HIRAM SHARP**

**Born October 1, 1811, in Baldwin County, Georgia**

**Married June 26, 1833, to Charlotte Tucker**

**Died October 19, 1894, Wedowee, Alabama**

**Buried at Mount Prospect Baptist Church, Randolph County, Alabama**

Daniel Sharp had two older brothers.

Their father was born in Maryland, and their mother in Delaware.

**CHARLOTTE TUCKER SHARP**



**CHARLOTTE TUCKER SHARP**

**Born November 16, 1816, in South Carolina**

**Married June 26, 1833**

**Died June 24, 1892, Wedowee, Alabama**

**Buried at Mount Prospect Baptist Church, Randolph County, Alabama**

Charlotte's father and mother were born in South Carolina.

## FAMILY RECORD

## CHILDREN OF DANIEL &amp; CHARLOTTE SHARP

CHILDREN - Full Name(s)		Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
1. William Henry	Born			1835			Tennessee	
Spouse	Mar.							
Martha Smith	Died			1863	Died in Civil War			
					* Buried at National Cemetery, Petersburg, Virginia			
2. George W.	Born			1836			Tennessee	
Spouse	Mar.							
Eliza A.	Died				Soldier in Union Army - never returned. Thought to have died while working in a quarry.			
3. Mary Ann	Born			1837			Tennessee	
Spouse	Mar.		May	1860				
Jackson (J.J.) Camp	Died			(About) 1926				
					* 89 Years old. Blind for 25 years. Buried at Malone Cemetery, Alabama			
4. Andrew Jackson	Born			1838			Tennessee	
Spouse	Mar.		10 December	1857				
Nancy C. Blakely	Died			1924				
					* Married twice. Fought on the Merrimac during Civil War. Buried in Texas.			
5. Daniel B.	Born			1840			Tennessee	
Spouse	Mar.							
	Died			1859	Died at about 19 years old			
6. James M.	Born			1842			Tennessee	
Spouse	Mar.							
	Died				Died before 1860			
7. Wesley S.	Born			1845			Tennessee	
Spouse	Mar.							
	Died				Died before 1860			
8. Rachel S.	Born			1846			Alabama	
Spouse	Mar.							
William L. Wilson	Died				* Also married Reuben Adamson (2) Buried at Mt. Prospect, Randolph, Alabama			
9. Hiram T.	Born			1847			Alabama	
Spouse	Mar.							
	Died				* Spent last years in Mississippi			
10. John Robert	Born			1848			Alabama	
Spouse	Mar.		5 January	1879		Collins	Texas	
Fanny Graham	Died							
					* Tampa		Florida	
11. Dewitt Clinton (Tent)	Born	27	March	1850		Chambers	Alabama	
Spouse	Mar.							
Mary Jane Tomlinson	Died		23 December	1936		Chambers	Alabama	
					* Buried at Tomlinson Family Cemetery, LaFayette, Alabama			
12. Franklin Pierce	Born		17 August	1853		Chambers	Alabama	
Spouse	Mar.			1876	Married Alice Rule in 1899 (2)			
Elta McCauley	Died			1933	Bushaw	Alberta	Canada	
					* Buried at Bushaw, Alberta, Canada			
13. Charlotte Victoria (Vick)	Born			1855			Alabama	
Spouse	Mar.							
Hugh Griffin	Died							
14. Eliza Adeline	Born	16 February		1858			Alabama	
Spouse	Mar.		3 January	1878				
Adiel Sherwood Davis	Died		9 August	1897	Cumby	Hopkins	Texas	
					* Buried at Cumby Cemetery, Texas			
15. Marcellus Douglas (Mame)	Born		29 November	1861			Alabama	
Spouse	Mar.		15 March	1885		Elk	Kansas	
Florence Patterson	Died		28 June	1943				
					* Buried at Wetaskiwin, Alberta, Canada			
16. Louisiana (Loe)	Born			1863			Alabama	
Spouse	Mar.							
George Yates	Died				* Lived in Busby, Kansas. Then Texas.			
17. India	Born							
Spouse	Mar.							
	Died				Died when about 3 years old.			
18. Unknown (boy)	Born							
Spouse	Mar.							
	Died							
					* No record except there was another child. Probably died as an infant.			

## GREAT-GRANDFATHER DANIEL and GREAT-GRANDMOTHER CHARLOTTE

Great-Grandfather Daniel Sharp was born in Baldwin County, Georgia, in the year 1811. His mother died when he was very small and he was given to an older sister to bring up. The family had been living in Tennessee, and the older sister took the boy and moved back to Tennessee where they knew more people. Early records state that he was "bound out" to an old gentleman, "Uncle" Jack Lynch, where he lived for several years before re-joining his family of brothers and sisters. We only have the names of three: Cyrus, Peter and William. Some thought Daniel's father was named Cyrus or possibly Daniel, since the name Daniel has run in the family from generation to generation.

He married Charlotte Tucker when she was about sixteen years old. She was of Irish descent with red hair, and was stout of stature. She was reared in the mountains of East Tennessee and without a formal education. However, she was a very sensible woman who knew how to face realities, and to make the best possible adjustments in solving the everyday problems of life. Grandma Charlotte had wonderful discipline over her children, and managed the large family in a very deserving and commendable way.

To this couple were born eighteen children, three of whom died in infancy. Several of the older boys and girls were born before the family came to Alabama about 1840. A complete list in order of their birth could not be secured for this large family, but this list is as complete as the descendants could make: Henry, George, Rachel, Mary Ann, Jack, Hiram, Daniel, John, Dewitt (Tent), Frank, Tom, Lou, Victoria, Eliza, Marcellus and three infants mentioned before.

When coming to Alabama, they purchased the farm where their father had camped while with Jackson's men on the way to fight the Indians in Florida. The home was located on a high hill overlooking Highway 431 from the west, in front of the Abernathy farm, extending north to White Plains or Pine Grove Church, where he gave four acres of land to the colored people for their church and school. Until this day, 120 years later, it is a prosperous Methodist Church with a well-filled cemetery.

It was in this era before the Civil War, and soon after the time when the Indians would throw a scare among the white settlers by their sneaking raids, that the runaway slaves were the scare of the widely scattered settlement. When a slave failed to show up

for work for his new master, the law or Patrol, which the settlers pronounced "Patteroll," was sent after him. Often a slave could be seen going through the plantation at breakneck speed, with the Patteroll in hot pursuit. The excitement naturally gave rise to the song and ditty:

Negro run, Negro flew,  
Negro tore his shirt in two.  
Run, Negro run, Patteroll catch you;  
Run Negro run, it's Promise Day.

The Sharp plantation consisted of a large section of land, some of it obtained by homesteading, other tracts purchased from neighbors. Much of it was covered with pine and hardwood trees. Those acres under cultivation grew corn, wheat, potatoes and cotton, and the family raised hogs, cattle, mules and horses. They did not believe in slavery, so they did not have any slaves to help with the farming. Yet they had plenty of food and clothing for their large family, and enough to divide with others less fortunate. Once when they went to visit one of their sons, Grandma carried a big basket of collard greens, and underneath the big leaves she had hidden a couple of hams for the family. Grandma visited the sick far and near, always carrying them something from the big barrels of food. These barrels were kept full of loaves of bread, potatoes, meal, meat and dried fruits.

Grandma and Grandpa were Methodists by denomination, and she often gave vent to her emotions by getting happy, shouting, and waving her bonnet. An altar was kept, where the family met for Bible reading, prayer and song services. It was told that Grandma and her neighbor had a place between their homes where they followed each to, when one had visited the other. This place was called "The Glory Log," and they knelt and prayed by this log as each departed for her home.

There can be no doubts among us, as descendants who have lived to see this good year, that the prayers of this devout and courageous mother 100 years ago, are the great spiritual inheritance of us all, and availeth much until this day. The many anxious hours she had passed through up to this time, and the perilous times just ahead, were dealt with by prayer, which was the staying power and necessary bread of life for her. When the Civil War broke over the South, four of her cherished sons bid her farewell to enter the horrors of war. In this same year, she gave birth to her 18th child, and received the news of the death of her oldest son, Henry, who was



buried in Petersburg, Virginia. It's no wonder that a Prayer Log was needed to lean against.

The question of slavery had divided the family; a question which they thought at the time was very unfair for them to have to help decide, since they had no slaves. The subject was a constant debate between Grandfather Daniel and his four older sons—Henry, George, Jack and Tom. They reasoned, if we decide to go with the Union, we will probably have to move to the North. But on the other hand, if we want to live in the South, we had best fight the South's battles. The hour of decision drew nearer each day until, at last, the boys saddled their horses and packed their bags. George, with the aid of some friends, made his way into the Northern lines, where he served until the close of the war. He later found work with a contractor in West Virginia, and was killed by a falling stone. Henry and Jack decided with the South. Henry died in service in 1862 as mentioned elsewhere in the record, and Jack served with distinction in the sea battle at Hampton Roads, Virginia, on the Merrimac, which is also recorded elsewhere in this family history.

From the multiplicity and well-being of the descendants of Henry and Jack, as we view them today, one is convinced that they received the greater blessing from having cast their lots with the South. The seriousness of the conflict, however, is shown in the fact that, had the war gone on for another year, Grandfather Daniel himself, although over 50 years old and the father of 18 children, would have been pressed into service along with his sons, since every able bodied man was being handed a gun. Daniel was a very able-bodied man at 53, for he lived to be 83.

Throughout these trying times, the greatest strain fell upon the mother of the family, but Charlotte constantly went back to the log for needed strength, and no doubt this backing of strength lifted her burdens for the remaining 30 years of her life after the birth of her 18 children.

After the war Daniel and Charlotte sold their plantation and equipment to their son Frank, and moved to Texas, looking for better farming land and a change of conditions. After a year, they moved to Kansas. There the weather was so cold for the first winter, and since they had to go to school with Negroes, they decided that Alabama was good enough for them and moved back, buying a farm of 450 acres on the Tallapoosa River between Wedowee and Lineville, in the community of Ophelia. Here Grandfather Daniel gave 10 acres of land on which to build a church and school. The church, known

as Mount Prospect Church, is still being used today, and has some 50 members. The Sharp house was a large one, with an upstairs, located just back of the church. Water was brought from a spring at the bottom of the hill. A long row of oak and cedar trees lined each side of the road leading to the house. A large orchard surrounded it, and some of the old pear trees are still standing about the old homeplace.

Charlotte died in 1892 at the age of 76, and Daniel died in 1894 at the age of 83. Just before he died, he sent each of his children money to come to see him. After his death, each of his children received his part of the estate, with the house place going to Aunt Rachel, who had lived with them during their last days.

## BURIAL PLACE OF DANIEL AND CHARLOTTE

In 1960 I had the privilege of attending church at this historical old Mount Prospect Baptist Church, now 110 years old, at Ophelia, Alabama, near the Clay and Randolph County line overlooking the Tallapoosa River. Here Great-Grandfather Daniel Sharpe and his wife Charlotte were buried. At one corner near the front of the cemetery stands a five foot column or shaft of stone erected in their memory. The 10 acres which the church stands on was donated from the 450-acre Sharpe plantation.

The first church was built of logs in 1852 by the early settlers. Some of the early families were named Morrow, Burrow, Yates, Knight, Floyd and Taylor.

The community grew and prospered as a trading center, and nice homes were built. A ferry was built to cross the river, and was named for Mr. J. W. Burrow, Sr., whose brother ran the ferry. There were two stores: one was operated by Mr. J. W. Burrow, Jr., who also ran the cotton gin, gristmill and a large farm. His wife, Ophelia Overton Burrow, was appointed the first Postmistress. "Going to Ophelia for the mail" appropriately named the community. The other early store was the Edwards-Adamson store. Adamson was the husband of Daniel's daughter, Rachel.

The log church was replaced in the 1890's. Remodeling has been done in later years, with pine paneling added to the walls of the church auditorium, new windows and more Sunday School rooms. Neat metal memorial plaques are along the walls, honoring the gifts from the members and friends who have loved ones buried in the churchyard.

Pastors who have served this church include Rev. Clay Knight, Rev. Jimmie Shaddix, Rev. J. R. Stodghill, Rev. Sim Ingram, Rev. J. D. Martin, Rev. C. B. Martin, Rev. George Shaddix, Rev. S. C. Ray and Rev. Harlin East. Later pastors were Rev. Homer Willoughby, Rev. Hiram Ray, Rev. W. T. Overton, Rev. Elbert Daniel, Rev. Charlie Heard, Rev. E. T. McKay and Rev. D. Hay Warren. Rev. M. L. Robinson is the present Pastor.

Mrs. W. A. Morrow, who grew up in the community, reports that five ministers were ordained in the church. They are Rev. C. B. Martin, Rev. D. B. Warren, Rev. Olen Stewart, Rev. David Willingham and Rev. Richard Thomas.

Services are held twice a month, Sunday School every Sunday. Mr. Bill Ogle is Superintendent of Sunday School; Miss Elaine Morrow is Secretary, and the teachers are Mr. W. D. Hendon, Mrs. Bill Bankhead, Mrs. Roy Heard and Mrs. George Waldrop.

The present deacons are Messrs. J. T. Yates, G. D. Knight, W. D. Hendon, Bill Ogle and Omer McCollum. Former Superintendents of Sunday School have been Messrs. P. T. Yates, J. T. Floyd, E. L. Yates, C. L. Moncus, and Ezra Hampton.

Summing up the feelings for the church, Mrs. J. T. Yates, a long-time member, said she hoped they would never move the church building, because so much good shouting had been done there.



White marble shaft marks the burial place of Daniel and Charlotte Sharpe.

Mt. Prospect Baptist Church  
Randolph County, Alabama

# WILLIAM HENRY SHARP

## FAMILY RECORD

HUSBAND - Full Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
William Henry Sharp	Born		1833				
	Mar.						
	Died		1863	Died at Dumphries During Civil War of Typhoid Fever			
	* Buried at Petersburg National Cemetery, Virginia						
His Father		Daniel Hiram Sharp		Mother		Charlotte Tucker	
WIFE - Full Maiden Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
Martha (Mary) Smith	Born		1836			Georgia	
	Mar.						
	Died			Tuscaloosa, Alabama			
	* Buried at Tuscaloosa						
His Father				Mother			
CHILDREN - Full Name(s)	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
1. James Monroe Sharp	Born	3	November	1854	Chambers	Alabama	
Spouse	Mar.						
Milford, Elvina Laurella	Died	5	March	1937	Chambers	Alabama	
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers County, Alabama							
2. M. E.	Born		1857				
Spouse	Mar.						
Shaw	Died						
3. William (Jud)	Born		1858				
Spouse	Mar.						
	Died			Died while a boy, before 1880			
4. Rachel A.	Born		1860				
Spouse	Mar.						
	Died			Died while young			
5. Eliza C.	Born		1862				
Spouse	Mar.						
Lassiter	Died						

William Henry Sharp is buried in Blandford Cemetery, Petersburg, Virginia, in a common grave for Confederate Soldiers.



## AUNT MARY ANN

The oldest daughter of Daniel and Charlotte Sharp, Mary Ann, was born in 1834 in East Tennessee, at the foot of the Cumberland Mountains. With their cabin backed up against the mountain, she remembers gathering chestnuts without getting out of the back door. She was about seven years old when her father moved to Alabama.

Mary Ann married a Methodist minister, a Mr. Camp, pronounced "Kemp" in the old days. He had thirteen children by his former wife, and they later had eight children, making a total of twenty-one. He, being of the circuit-rider type, preached often under brush arbors, where many of the churches in this area had their beginning. The camp meetings were the main gathering places for pioneer life.

Their children were: Artie Missy Camp, Versie Camp, Georgia Grover, Roxie Taylor, Daniel Camp and Mitchel Camp. They lived at Malone, just across the Tallapoosa River from Great-Grandfather Daniel's farm. Aunt Mary Ann went blind, and her husband died a few years after their marriage.

Grandfather Daniel left his old homeplace for Aunt Rachel with the understanding that she would also care for her blind sister. But circumstances proved to be such that instead of Aunt Rachel helping Mary Ann, the reverse was true, as Aunt Rachel's husband took possession of her property, forcing her to leave. So these two sisters were left without any financial means to live on, and were cared for until their respective deaths by Aunt Mary's daughter, Artie Missy Fetner. Aunt Mary Ann is buried in the old cemetery on top of the hill at Malone.

## ANDREW JACKSON SHARP

The following story concerning the Civil War record of our Great-Uncle Jack Sharp was sent to us by Mrs. Georgia L. Page, Wilshire Village, Dunlavy Court, So., Apartment No. 10, Houston 6, Texas, who so wonderfully trusted us (a total stranger) with so valuable a record of her father, with the warning, "Guard this with your life," which we did, making a copy and returning it immediately. We are indebted to the following cousins, who led us to Mrs. Page: Miss Effie Davis, 712 Avenue A, N. W., Winter Haven, Florida; Henry F. Davis, 1425 N. 29th St., Birmingham 4, Alabama; Mrs. Robert H. Ridley, 3548 University Bldg., Dallas 5, Texas; and Dan Chester Griffin, 202 East Broadway, Farmington, New Mexico.

Andrew Jackson Sharp, third son of Daniel Sharp, adds an interesting page to the Sharp family history in his account of the battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac at Hampton Roads, Virginia, in 1862, as he was a member of the crew of the Merrimac throughout the battle.

The veteran was interviewed by B. C. Utecht, a reporter of the *Calvert News*, Calvert, Texas, with the following headlines:

### TEXAN, LAST SURVIVOR OF MERRIMAC CREW, SETS HISTORY STRAIGHT ABOUT IRONCLAD

Man who was present at world-famous battle with the Monitor declares that his ship was not destroyed then, but later by the crew of the Merrimac itself.

Calvert, Texas, Nov. 24. In this good year 1923, when prohibition is still an issue despite the Eighteenth Amendment, it is difficult to believe that for a while during the War Between the States that it was even a bigger issue, that upon it perhaps rested the fate of the Union of Confederacy.

The North isn't aware that it was an issue. The North isn't aware how near it came to losing or at least to have suffered disastrous delay of the conflict. Nor does the South know it. Historians have missed the event. However, since the historians did not know of the incident they could not record it. The prohibition issue, which had such great bearing on the fortunes of the North and South was an animated live question for only one night, and but fifty men were involved. Of those fifty, only one is alive, and it is he who discloses for the first time a Civil War incident that turned out in favor of the Union, for which even now, 60 years later, she may congratulate herself.

Andrew Jackson Sharp, 85 years old, a farmer living between Calvert and Franklin, congratulates both North and South, for he believes the country is better off united. And it is Sharp who tells what a factor prohibition was one night back in the ironclad Confederate ship, when he was a sailor on the Merrimac. He was present when the Monitor and Merrimac, rechristened the Virginia by the South, had their world famous battle. He was with the Merrimac when its own crew destroyed the vessel to keep it out of Federal hands. He is the only member of the Merrimac crew now living.

#### Plan to relieve Richmond

When Grant's armies were hammering at Richmond, capital of the Confederacy, Captain Technician, then commanding the Merrimac, conceived the bold plan of taking the vessel up the James River and attacking Federal ships, breaking the blockade, and attacking the Union land

forces where possible and relieving Richmond.

History fails to mention these plans. After the Merrimac and Monitor battled in Hampton Roads, the Merrimac was all but forgotten by chroniclers. In fact they had left a false impression that the Merrimac was so badly disabled by the Monitor that it was of no further service. Sharp says otherwise. The Merrimac, or Virginia, suffered some damage from the Monitor's guns, but it was damage that was easily repaired, and the warship then was in as good shape as before.

But now about this prohibition; "Our plans were well laid," said the aged veteran as he sat reminiscing on the veranda of his home. "The Merrimac had been thoroughly gone over, and we had plenty of ammunition and were in shape for good work. We were close to the mouth of the James River, and in order to steam upstream it was necessary for us to raise the ship about two feet so that we could cross the bar at

that point. To do this it was necessary to throw off ballast.

"We began the job of lightening the vessel about 9 o'clock that night. Now, as everyone knows, sailors in every navy are, or were, supplied with whiskey rations. Both the navies of the North and South were furnished rum. While busy throwing off ballast, so we could head up the James to relieve Richmond, members of the crew got hold of a barrel of whiskey and drank it down with a large dipper. A little of this was all right. But they kept at it too long and were soon tipsy. No officer was at hand at the time. The men continued throwing off iron ballast until all of it went overboard. I remonstrated with them, raising quite a row and they argued back with me. I told them of the danger, but it did no good and we had quite a tilt. Soon I saw that our ship, instead of being raised only two feet, was up five feet, exposing the wooden sides. This was due to throwing away all of our ballast. I hurried to Captain Technor and explained the situation, but by that time it was too late. Federal ships were not far from us, and they could see us plainly because of the five foot difference. A shot from one of them into our wooden sides would have done for us. So the plan to go to the relief of Richmond was abandoned for lack of ballast control protection on such an undertaking, and decided to attack the Union fleet off Newport News instead."

Sharp's story of the Merrimac's destruction of Union vessels near Fortress Monroe and the fight with the Monitor closely lines up with that given in histories.

Just who is responsible for the building of the Merrimac is in doubt, and Sharp believes that the credit should go to various offi-

cers and engineers of the Confederacy. He was a great admirer of Buchanan and says he was far more efficient than Technor.

#### **Secret leaks out**

Anyway, soon after the Confederates began building the ironclad, the first in the history of the world, word leaked out here and there and soon the North knew that somewhere on the Virginia coast the South was constructing a dread ironclad monster. Then it became a race. The North wanted a ship to offset the Merrimac, which had been sunk at the Norfolk Navy Yard and raised by the Confederates. John Errierson began building the Monitor, as everyone knows, a very different appearing ship than the Virginia. The latter was much larger with a slanting roof, which also formed the sides, heavily sheathed with iron above the water mark. The vessel had an armament of two seven-inch rifles, two six-inch rifles and six nine-inch smooth bores.

Shortly before noon on March 8, 1862, says Sharp, the Merrimac just completed, attended by the Raleigh and Beaufort, entered Hampton Roads and headed for the Union fleet off Newport News. There was much suppressed excitement on board, for the crew was about to try an entirely new experiment in warfare. They were confident and could hardly wait for the moment for attacking the Union fleet. The Northern fleet consisted of the frigates Minnesota, Roanoke and Congress, each having 50 guns, the heaviest armed ships in the Union Navy. When the Merrimac was a quarter of a mile away, the Congress delivered a broadside, but the shot had no effect on the Merrimac's armor, and when the latter returned the fire, the shot crashed

through the Congress with terrible effect, as could be seen from the Merrimac's peep holes. When 300 yards from the Cumberland, the latter opened fire upon the Merrimac and failed to hurt or stop her. The Confederate ship then drove her prow into the side of the Cumberland, leaving a hole four feet in diameter, and at the same time poured shot into her, after which the Cumberland soon sank. The crew aboard the Merrimac found victory easier and the havoc worse than they expected. Officers and men were elated, but they were not through. The Congress had run ashore and the Merrimac approached within 150 yards, raked the vessel with shot, set it afire, and the Congress then surrendered. The Minnesota ran ashore at a point where the Merrimac could not go, and from a distance of one mile fired without effect on the Minnesota. The Union losses were nearly 300 men. The Merrimac then returned to a sheltering cove to review the attack next day. News of the fight spread great alarm all over the North, especially in Washington, where Secretary of War Stanton ordered that the Potomac, below the capital, be blockaded to keep out the Merrimac. The North feared a daily repetition of the Hampton Roads havoc all along the coast.

#### **Merrimac is surprised**

But as said above, it was a race. The Monitor commanded by Lt. John L. Worden, was on his way from New York and entered Hampton Roads at 9 o'clock that same night and anchored near the Minnesota. At 6 o'clock next morning, the Merrimac appeared bearing down upon the Minnesota. Sharp confirms that the Merrimac did not see the Monitor for a while and when it did, could not make out what it was, as it was so



## Story of the Merrimac, continued

unlike a warship. The Monitor had a revolving tower only 20 feet across and 10 feet above the water. As the Merrimac came up, the Monitor slipped in between it and the Minnesota, and the Merrimac fired one shot at the strange craft to feel her out. The shot missed, which was not odd, as there was little to fire at. The Monitor replied with an 11-inch shell, which jarred the Merrimac, but did no harm, and the crew still thought they would have victory. Both ironclads then began a terrific fusillade that lasted for five hours, neither suffered any great damage, as far as one could see at the time, but finally the Merrimac (and it was a good piece of strategy), steamed off for the Minnesota. There was no use firing at the Monitor. This move was unlooked for and the Merrimac, firing upon the Minnesota, set the ship afire before the Monitor could prevent it. In a few moments, the Merrimac found herself grounded. This did make the Merrimac's crew uneasy, for if they were forced to remain there for hours, perhaps even the iron sheathing might give way to constant fusillades. The Monitor battered away, but luckily for the Merrimac she soon was able to float and steamed down the river, the Monitor following. The two vessels did not engage again.

First reports were that the Monitor either destroyed or rendered helpless the Merrimac, but Sharp says the damage was not great,

although repairs were needed. The Merrimac's smokestack was riddled, and the iron prow was broken, two gun muzzles were broken and there was a leak.

"After midnight, we ran the ship ashore, although actually we were a mile from it, due to shallow water. We piled overboard and waded in, the water being cold and up to our chests. We returned to the Merrimac about 4 o'clock in the morning, set it afire, and when the blaze reached the magazine, it exploded with a roar and burst of flame that could be heard and seen for miles."

### Ballast changed war's result

"If we had thrown away only sufficient ballast to cross the bar, we could have gone up the river and played havoc with the Federal ships, and I think we could have kept them out of Richmond. At least we could have delayed it, and this was the turning point of the war. When Richmond was evacuated, Lee soon afterward surrendered to Grant. After we destroyed the Merrimac, the crew split up. The party I was with walked 28 miles to Richmond. Later, I went to Drewry's Bluff, on the James River, and remained there until the end of the war. When peace was declared, I returned to Alabama, and then moved to Texas. Captain Buchanan was the first commander of the Merrimac, and was with it, when it fought the Monitor, but he was wounded and Technor

succeeded him. I never have seen any of the Merrimac's crew since the war ended."

When the writer drove with a friend to the Sharp homestead, the aged veteran was in the barnyard, about a hundred yards distant, but his eyes are still good, although not quite as keen as when he noticed that the Merrimac was raised too high by its crew. "Hello there," he yelled out cheerily. "I don't know who you are, but go on to the porch and I will be with you in a minute." He walked slowly toward the house, using his cane, smiling and repeating his welcome. Sharp is somewhat bent and his hair and beard are gray, but his face, for a man of his years, has few wrinkles. He has been married twice and has had eight children. His oldest son, John H. Sharp, resigned recently after serving 22 years as Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of Texas. Another son, Jay Sharp, is a doctor in Franklin, Texas. A grandson, Archer D. Gray, is Vice President of Gulf Oil Company, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

The large prosperous farm of over 1000 acres out on Beck Prairie is visited often by his children and grandchildren, who number over one hundred, having lived in the same community for fifty three years. The old homestead has a picturesque setting, the wide galleried home sitting in the center of a yard, profuse with flowers, shrubbery and cedar

## Uncle Jack, continued

trees. Sharp is popular in his section; he talks rapidly and clearly. "When the war broke out in '61, I hated to see the United States divided and I was against slavery, but the South was my country, and I gladly fought for it. Now it is one great prosperous nation, and I am glad I lived to see this day."

When Sharp left the Merrimac, together with the rest of the crew, orders were issued that the men leave everything behind. However, the Texan carried with him a rifle, pistol and saber. A few years ago, he gave the rifle away. He doesn't know what became of the saber, but he still has the pistol. In Sharpe's home are many relics, books, magazines and pictures of members of his family, including a picture of himself in middle age. He proudly pointed at this picture on the wall. "That was me when I was younger, doesn't look much like now, eh?" The picture showed a robust pleasant faced man wearing a black beard. "And see that picture, that's my son, he was in the World War." Over the door is framed a motto which says, "Call again," but it doesn't need to be there for Sharp and his wife remind you frequently that you are "at home" and to call often. He said as we left, "History had it wrong, or didn't tell all. If we had got to Richmond, there would have been a different story."

On January 27, 1960, *The LaFayette Sun*, published in LaFayette, Chambers County, Alabama, carried the full text of the story as told by Uncle Jack himself, and was read by thousands. To the editor, Mr. Bonnie Hand, we convey our sincere thanks, since many copies were made available to anyone who might wish one to keep. Several will go to Texas and Canada, especially to Georgia Page, whose original was torn and faded, also to Dan C. Griffin and Mrs. Robert Ridley, who were so instrumental in locating Georgia for us. And by "us," we mean the self-appointed committee of three, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sharpe, and Miss Novie Jane Benton, the retired Florida school teacher, whose travels have been from Hackensack, and spent the night at Frontenac. We have left no stone unturned, or should we say unread, to assemble this information for the benefit of those who may come after us.

Before passing on to other members of his family, we feel that a final note concerning Uncle Jack would be in order here. He was born in 1838 in the Cumberland Mountains of East Tennessee. Two or three of his brothers and maybe one sister were born there before their father, Daniel, moved them to Alabama. From all reports he was a live wire, and had a mind of his own. It would seem that this Sharp family did not believe in slavery, and neither did they possess any slaves, yet were divided in their decisions as to which side to join when the Civil War came on. Uncle George and Uncle Tom joined the Union Army, while Grandfather Henry and Uncle Jack fought on the Confederate side. The latter two felt that they should help the South fight its battles, since they intended to make the South their home, and they could better live with their decisions. Uncle Jack acquired quite a sizeable farm out on Beck Prairie, and reared eight children. His devotion to duty, his keen interest in the welfare of others, along with his alertness to utilizing opportunities, have been reflected in his children. He wrote many interesting letters as his daughter, Georgia, spoke of writing in the "Old Uncle Jack zest."

## AUNT RACHEL

There is generally one member in every family who is quite different from all the others. In this family it was Aunt Rachel, who was referred to by some as "peculiar," others called her "eccentric," while still others said that no sane person would do many of the things she did. She was called "Aunt Rachel" by everyone who knew her, and those elderly persons still living today laugh when asked "Do you remember Aunt Rachel?" She was adored by the children, as well as the older generation, for her whole-hearted laughter, funny stories, and her singing heart.

Aunt Rachel married Billy Wilson, an older man who had been married before, and had four children by his former wife. His financial means were considered above the average, and Uncle Billy saw to it that his young wife had all the fine clothes she wanted. She was often seen at church wearing dresses which required the services of a colored boy to carry her trains. These were the days when the South began to feel the effects of the reconstruction and the fast-approaching gay nineties.

Rachel lost her husband in a few years, and her troubles with the step-children were considerable, but she stood her ground, and at the sale of the large plantation and other equipment, she obtained quite a tidy sum, tied it around her person, and, with her personal belongings, moved to Clay County, where her father had just purchased a large farm on the Tallapoosa River. Having inherited from her father and mother a great love for nature and outdoor life, she spent many warm sunny days down on the river fishing for catfish, of which she often brought home large strings. This was quite a reversion of her former days, and gave lots of time to ponder over her past experiences.

While her father felled trees and cleared large tracts of bottom land, where he grew large crops of corn, Rachel often rode horseback across the river to visit her sister, Mary Ann, who lived on the other side. When the river was high, she often made the horse swim across, almost floating her off his back. Once she fell out of a boat and broke her arm when a floating log struck the boat while she was crossing, but managed to hang onto the boat for several hours until help arrived to float her to the bank.

Aunt Rachel, like most people, couldn't seem to bring herself around to be content with just fishing in the river of love. Having once waded in the sea of matrimony, she pulled off and dived in deeper than ever, when she married one, Reuben Adamson, who she established in a thriving country store business in the forward-looking community of

Ophelia. Here again, her father Daniel, out of a generous heart, as he had done before in Chambers County, gave 10 acres of land on which to erect a church and school building. The church, with some 50 members, is still being used today, known as old Prospect Church, where Great-Grandfather Daniel and Great-Grandmother Charlotte were buried with a suitable marker; a five foot spire of stone marks their graves.

About this time the lifesaving money belt, which Rachel wore around her midrift, was proving to be a bandoleer of live ammunition, for while she was singing "Praise the Lord," he was singing "Pass the Ammunition." As times changed and his business began to ebb, she tied a cute little bowknot in her purse strings, and he immediately had her declared crazy, and sent to the asylum at Tuscaloosa, but not without the belt of gold. Upon the examination at the institution, the belt was discovered, thence the question, "Who sent you here? You have more cents than we have." So after resting up a few days, one of her nephews arrived and took her back home, but not to Adamson, who soon after moved to south Alabama. She lived some 10 years near the old home place, and with her sister, Mary Ann, who lived across the river.

Aunt Rachel, like her mother, Charlotte, was said to be deeply emotional, and the story of the suffering Savior never ceased to stir their souls. Everyone spoke of their readiness to speak of the saving power of God. Although Rachel had no children, she was never seen without that familiar bag of something to eat for children.

Inheritance alone can save no one, but who among us as descendants can despise such an inheritance. Aunt Rachel was buried in the cemetery at old Prospect Church by the side of her father and mother.

## JOHN ROBERT SHARP



**John Robert and Fannie Shipp Gresham Sharp**

**Charlotte Jane "Jennie"**  
Married Louis Walter Platt  
Son - John Rader

**Irma**  
Married Leland Biglow  
Sons - Monroe and Preston

**Daniel Monroe**  
Married Stella Mand Finch  
Daughter - Stella Maxine Sharp Wheeler

## UNCLE TENT

Next was Uncle Dewitt Clinton Sharp, born in 1850, who early in life received the nickname of "Tent," but should have been named a name synonymous with vitality, for without a doubt, he possessed more than any other member of this family. He, too, lived through the Civil War with the fear and anxieties of a young boy not old enough to go, but old enough to know the horrors of it. He was there, expecting the army to take everything, when Sherman's men marched by the homeplace. He only heard the commanding officer yell, "Halt," as the soldiers started toward the house. The soldiers left without entering the Sharp home, and it was believed that the officer knew that here was the home of one of their own Union soldiers.

Uncle Tent married Mary Jane Tomlinson in 1869, lived one year with her folks, then moved to Wedowee to live a year with his parents. After these two years they returned to Chambers County to farm by themselves. To them were born eight children, and when the wife gave birth to the last one in 1886, she died. Thinking that farming would be better in Texas, and that relatives might help in rearing his family, he sold everything he had and moved to Texas. He worked there with a harvesting crew and attempted to farm one crop, but that was a dry year in Texas, so he came back to Alabama to start anew.

Many have been the times he related his experiences in going to Texas with eight children, and how they reacted to their first trip on a train, and to the unknown foreign land of Texas. Uncle Tent told of his experiences with humorous descriptions, yet these incidents and happenings were anything but funny at the time they occurred. He possessed the ability to mimic others, which he often did in his story-telling, to make the related incident more real to his listeners, and at various intervals he would stop and enjoy a burst of laughter himself.

In 1888 he married Martha Scott, a seamstress and teacher, but this marriage only lasted a few years. In 1890, a tornado passed through this area and blew the house away where his children lived, killing Leila, age 15, and seriously injuring two of the others. Though having marital troubles at this time, Uncle Tent accepted this terrible catastrophe with greater determination to "get going" again, yet not accepting or expecting any financial help from others. This independence of the individual was evident throughout his life, and probably was a characteristic of those times.

His children, Florella, Dece, Bud, Alleen, Charles,

Hershal and Irene, were known everywhere in the country for their singing. Still there are some old timers living to tell how Bud, short in stature but deep in voice, Dece with joyous animation, and Alleen with alto that rocked the church doors, would sing and enjoy it as much as those who sat and listened. After all of his children were married, they continued to enjoy singing, and among their descendants today are many who would rather sing and play some musical instrument than eat.

Uncle Tent gave each of his children 20 acres of land, and he went to live with his youngest son, Hershal. It was told by those who knew, that he walked to Wedowee and back home 17 times, a distance of 65 miles each trip, to see his parents and care for them when they were sick. He also rode horseback or went in a wagon many times to help them when they needed someone. He was very generous, and few people ever left his house without his giving them something to carry home. It was the joy of his grandchildren to go there, but he always took them to his favorite spot in the woods where he kept a big swing and a nice den to enjoy the wonders of nature and to meditate. He carried the grandchildren to hunt muscadines, wild persimmons, grapes, hickory nuts and many other fruits in season.

Uncle Tent spent many hours in these quiet spots away from the outside tumult, and at the cemetery where his first wife was buried. This love of nature is characteristic of the Sharps down through the ages, as shown by their love of pioneer life. By keeping close to Mother Nature, he finds his greatest comfort, for it is there that God best reveals Himself.

In 1934, he survived a second tornado, when his house was partly wrecked while he was in a weather house. When asked if he was scared, he replied, "I don't know, but when I reached to scratch my head, I stuck my fingers in my eyes." One of his most frank admissions was that "I must have pretty good sense, since it's never been used."



MARY JANE TOMLINSON SHARP

DEWITT CLINTON SHARP

Lobb Memorial Archives  
3419 20th Avenue  
Valley, Alabama 36854



## FRANKLIN PIERCE SHARP

Uncle Frank belonged in the younger family group, born in 1854 before the turbulent days of the Civil War, being a boy of six at the beginning, and ten at the close of the war, he remembered much that happened since four of his older brothers took part in the struggle. Several of the boys and girls were old enough to work, yet not old enough for service. So the work on the large farm was carried forward without too much interruption except for the lack of supplies. Throughout the duration of the war, growing crops for the family's use came first. The war created a considerable demand for wheat, and as a young man, Frank began to explore the possibilities of growing wheat, and about this time he married Ellie McCarley and lived on the old homeplace in Chambers County. After several of his children were born, they moved to Kansas where farming was done on a larger scale, and wheat was grown in abundance.

Frank, like his father and mother, early learned in life that wherever one sojourns, there must be a place of worship, so he set to work and built a church on his own farm.

Aunt Ellie died soon after their ninth child was born, and in 1899, Uncle Frank married a school teacher, Alice Rule. They moved to Bashaw, Canada in 1911 after a severe drought in Kansas that year. Land was cheap in this part of Canada, and some of his children had satisfied their pioneering spirit by pushing northward. Here again, true to his religious convictions, he helped build an evangelical church near his farm in Canada.

Upon his return visit to Alabama, his southern kith and kin sat and listened with breathtaking awe as Uncle Frank, in his wonderful story-telling style, would relate his many interesting and unusual experiences of his childhood and through later years. Uncle Frank was a likeable Christian gentleman, and his burst of heart-warming laughter and humor bound everyone to him. He died in 1933 after years of hard work, having lived a complete life of devotion to God, family and country. In his 90 living descendants, there are these children: Odessa Shipely, Bertha Davidson, and Ursula Nash living in Calgary, Canada; Luther on Vancouver Island, B. C.; Preston in Vancouver; Hobert, George and Ferne residing in Bashaw. From their interesting letters we know that they have received a heritage from their forebears which they are proudly carrying forward to oncoming generations.

## FAMILY RECORD

## FRANKLIN PIERCE AND MARY ELLA MCCARLEY SHARP

HUSBAND - Full Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
Franklin Pierce Sharp	Born		1853				
	Mar.		1876				
	Died		1933				
	*						
<small>*Show Place(s) of Residence, Occupation, Military Record, Church Affiliation, etc., in the space provided, or turn sheet over.</small>							
His Father <u>Daniel Sharpe</u> Mother <u>Charlotte Tucker</u>							
WIFE - Full Maiden Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
Mary Ella McCarley	Born						
	Mar.		1876				
	Died						
	*						
<small>Show each child in order of Birth. Show full Maiden Name of Spouse, as applicable.</small>							
Her Father _____ Mother _____							
CHILDREN - Full Name(s)	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
1. Theodore	Born						
Spouse	Mar.						
Julia Pickell	Died						
* Two Children, both living and married							
2. Odessa	Born						
Spouse	Mar.						
Charles Shipley	Died						
* Four Children, living in Calgary							
3. Luther	Born						
Spouse	Mar.			Married Twice			
	Died						
* One Daughter, Vancouver, B. C.							
4. Bertha	Born						
Spouse	Mar.			Married Twice			
Davison	Died						
* Three children, Vancouver, B.C.							
5. Otis	Born						
Spouse	Mar.						
	Died			Died as infant			
*							
6. Ursula	Born						
Spouse	Mar.						
Edward Nash	Died						
* Two Children. One in Bermuda. One in Calgary							
7. Preston	Born						
Spouse	Mar.						
	Died						
* Four Daughters, raised fine cattle, retired, lives in Vancouver, B. C.							
8. Gladys	Born						
Spouse	Mar.						
W. M. Sutton	Died						
* Three children (dead) Lina, Alberta							
9. Ruth	Born						
Spouse	Mar.						
	Died						
* Twin sister to Gladys - Lived only a few days							
10.	Born						
Spouse	Mar.						
	Died						
*							
11.	Born						
Spouse	Mar.						
	Died						
*							

# FAMILY RECORD

## FRANKLIN PIERCE AND ALICE RULE SHARP

HUSBAND - Full Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
Franklin Pierce	Born		1853				
	Mar.		1933	Fall River		Kansas	
	Died						
	<p>* Show Place(s) of Residence, Occupation, Military Record, Church Affiliation, etc., in the space provided, or turn sheet over.</p>						
His Father		Daniel Sharp		Mother		Charlotte Tucker	
WIFE - Full Maiden Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
Alice Rule	Born						
	Mar.			Fall River		Kansas	
	Died						
	<p>↓ Show each child in order of Birth. Show full Maiden Name of Spouse, as applicable.</p>						
Her Father				Mother			
CHILDREN - Full Name(s)	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
1. Faye Spouse	Born						
	Mar.						
	Died						Lived only a few days
2. Hobert Spouse	Born						
	Mar.						
	Died						
	* Farmer, Four Children, Three University Graduates						
3. George Spouse	Born						
	Mar.						
	Died						
	* Very successful farmer, two daughters						
4. Fernie Spouse	Born						
	Mar.						Divorced
	Died						
	* Three Children, Floyd 19, Laura 18, Linda 16						



## UNCLE FRANK



FRANKLIN PIERCE and ALICE RULE SHARP  
ROBERT SHARP

Photo taken about 1915

← The Franklin Pierce Sharp Homestead  
Now The Home of George Sharpe, Bashaw, Alberta, Canada

## FAMILY RECORD

ADIEL AND ELIZA SHARP DAVIS

## HUSBAND - Full Name

Adiel Sherwood Davis

\*Show Place(s) of Residence, Occupation, Military Record, Church Affiliation, etc., in the space provided, or turn sheet over.

## WIFE - Full Maiden Name

Eliza Adeline

Show each child in order of Birth. Show full Maiden Name of Spouse, as applicable.

## CHILDREN - Full Name(s)

	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
Born							
Mar.	3	January	1878		Chambers	Alabama	
Died							
* Buried at Rock Springs Church, about 5 miles northwest of LaFayette, Chambers County, Alabama							
His Father							
Mother							
Born	16	February	1858			Alabama	
Mar.	3	January	1878				
Died	9	August	1897	Cumby	Hopkins	Texas	
* Buried at Cumby Cemetery, Texas							
Her Father							
Mother							
	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
1. Alma				Born in log cabin near Chapel Hill, Alabama			
2. Wilfred				Born in log cabin near Chapel Hill, Alabama			
3. Winfred							
4. Clara							
5. Henry							
6. Effie							
7. Lottie							
8. Ethel							
9. Everett							
10. Paye							
11. Bess							
12. Ruby							
13. Cecil							
14. Other Twin Boy Davis							
15. 16. Twin Girls				Last set of twins. Born at Mother's death. Lived one month.			

## AUNT ELIZA

In 1858 Aunt Eliza was born to be included among this family of Daniel Sharp's eighteen children. She was thought to be number 17, and in 1878 she was married to Adiel Davis at his home near Chapel Hill, when log cabins were still in style. Several of her older children were born there, numbering 17, only one short of her father's record.

Aunt Eliza and her husband moved to Texas, thinking the climate would be better for Uncle Ade's health, as he suffered with catarrh. Then, too, Uncle Jack and Aunt Vic lived there, and wanted them to come and live near them. Aunt Eliza died at the age of 39 when her second set of twins were born, and was buried at Cumby, Texas. All of her children except Alma returned to Alabama to live. Six of her children are living today. They are: Henry, Ceil and Lottie, who live in Birmingham, Alabama; Sherwood in Vicksburg, Mississippi; Effie in Winter Haven, Florida; and Bess in Miami, Florida. Aunt Eliza had 16 grandchildren, all of them girls. Her descendants, many who are living today, are examples of her noble character. She was a beautiful girl with a lovely complexion and beautiful hair.



Eliza Adeline Sharp Davis

### THE ITINERANT DAVISES

Eliza Sharp and A. S. Davis

As told by Alma Davis Low to Margaret Low Ridley

Mama and Papa were married on January 2, 1878 (in a log cabin, I think), in Chambers County, Alabama, near LaFayette. I was born February 6, 1879 in Chambers County. Wilfred was also born there.

When I was nearly three, Papa decided to move to Texas in Robertson County near Calvert. One of Mama's older brothers, Jack, lived there, and one of her older sisters, Victoria, also lived there. She was single and later married a widower, Hugh Griffin, with two children. Dan was one of the children of Victoria and Hugh. Papa bought a place and we moved out there, but lived there only two years.

In Robertson County, Winfred and Clara were born.

Mama had an older brother, Frank Sharp, who lived in Kansas (Longton on the Elk River, in the southeast part of Kansas). There were four children when we decided to move to Kansas, and after we got there Papa bought a place, and we set up housekeeping in a log cabin. We lived four years

in Kansas, and Henry and Effie were born there. Wilfred and I started to school at the age of six or seven. It seemed like we walked two miles to school. We had to cross the Elk River on a foot log. The school house was built of rock, and a big boy who lived on the road going to school threatened to cut off our ears.

Papa made wonderful crops, and the tallest corn I ever saw, making 90 bushels on an acre. He would hill up turnips and apples for the winter, and they would keep fresh. We lived close to the river, and the land we worked was between our house and the river. Once it came a rainy spell and the river overflowed, causing the water to get in our kitchen about a foot deep. This happened at night, and Papa loaded us into the wagon and took us up in the hills to where the bachelor lived that Papa bought the farm from. While we lived there, one of Mama's sisters, Aunt Lou, with her husband, Uncle George Yates and two children, moved there from Alabama.



The winters were severe there and Papa had catarrh. He decided he needed a milder climate, and so we moved back to Texas.

In the meantime, Uncle Marcellus Sharp, a younger brother of Mama's, came from Alabama and located close to Uncle Frank Sharp at Busby, Texas. Uncle Marcellus worked for a man who lived in a brick house, fell in love with his daughter, Florence, and married her. Grandfather Daniel Sharp had 12 boys and 6 girls, all children of the same parents.

Then we moved to Hill County, not knowing a living soul there. We chartered a railroad car for our household goods and livestock. Papa put Mama and us four children on a passenger car, and we came right through to Morgan. There we went to a hotel and stayed nearly a week waiting for Papa to get there. We had a barrel of apples and one of turnips, and a container of vinegar which was made from apples grown on our farm. When he got there, he had to get out and find a place to live, as we knew no one. He found a man about a mile from town, who wanted to move into town, so we rented that place and lived there one year. Lottie was born there. I missed one year in school when we lived at Morgan when I was nine years old. From there we moved over about 15 miles in Hill County into a log house, until Papa could build us a new three room house. During the year we lived there, Ethel and Everett were born. Then we decided to move to Grayson County about 175 miles away. This time we moved in a covered wagon with all of our household goods. I think we had a cow tied to the back of the wagon. Along the way we camped several nights, and the night we spent in the Baszos River bottoms, it sleeted on us. Fay was born in Grayson County. Papa had two families of cousins who lived there. We went to Cousin Rilla's family when we got to Grayson County, and Papa rented a farm and set up housekeeping there. After one year we moved to Hopkins County, where the Bentons and Hullings lived, having moved there from Georgia or Alabama. Papa put Mama and me, and the four children who couldn't walk (Lottie, Ethel, Everett and Fay), on the train, and he came through with the other children (Wilfred, Winfred, Clara, Henry and Effie) in a covered wagon. We lived 4 miles south of Cumby for five years. Bess, Ruby, Ceicel and his twin brother, a baby girl who lived eight days, and another set of twins were born there. Mama died when the last set of twins were born. They lived only about a month after Mama died. We were living a mile south of Cumby. I lived at home for one year after Mama died. I told him if he

wouldn't marry, I would stay with him as long as he needed me. But Papa wrote Aunt Mattie to find him a wife in Alabama, and she recommended Miss Lena Edwards. They exchanged pictures, and he went back there, where they were married just eight months after Mama died. We children were upset because he married so soon. He demanded that we call her Mother, but we called her "Miss Lena."

Papa was the head of the house, and there never was any question about who "ruled the roost." He was strict with us, but he wanted us to have an education, and there were plenty of magazines and books around. Nearly all of the children went either to college or business school.

When we moved to a new place, we always went to Sunday School. If there was not one there, Papa would organize one. We used Sunday School materials from David C. Cook Co.

## UNCLE MARCELLUS

Uncle Marcellus, the youngest of the children of Daniel and Charlotte Sharp, was born in 1861, and lived to be 82 years old. He moved to Kansas with Grandpa Daniel seeking better farming land. While there he worked for a Mr. Patterson and married his daughter, Florence. At the age of 40, his wife fell off a horse and broke her leg, causing her to limp the rest of her life. They moved to Canada in 1913 after his brother, Frank, had settled there.

To uncle Marse, as he was called, and Aunt Florence, were born Marvin and Adele. Adele and her mother were invalids many years prior to their deaths. In writing to his sister Eliza's daughter, Alma, Uncle Marse wrote, "We came here to the old people's home, April 15, 1942. Aunt Florence was a perfect invalid for the last five years. She passed away August 30, and so I am alone just among strangers . . . your letters and pictures will interest me in my lonely times. This is your Uncle Marcellus, the only one left of a family of eighteen."

He died there at the convalescent home in Wetaskinin, Alberta, Canada, and outlived his wife only a few months. Marvin has a son, Alan, who is an evangelical missionary to the Bahamas, and a daughter, Alice (Mrs. Elmer Sorensen) who is a trained nurse. At present Marvin is a paralytic, and is a patient in a hospital at Camrose, Alberta. Uncle Marcellus has at this time seven living descendants.

Marcellus was said to have excellent health throughout his 82 years, was devoted to his family, and especially to his crippled and later invalid wife. He left the testimony of a Christian and a good man.

# CENSUS REPORT OF THE SHARPE FAMILY

CHAMBERS COUNTY CENSUS . . . 1850						STATE OF ALABAMA	
Sharpe, Daniel	38 Years	Male	Born in	Georgia	Farmer		
Charlotte	33	Female		South Carolina			
William B.	15	Male		Tennessee			
George W.	14	Male		Tennessee			
Mary A.	13	Female		Tennessee			
Andrew J.	12	Male		Tennessee			
Daniel B.	10	Male		Tennessee			
James M.	8	Male		Tennessee			
Wesley	5	Male		Tennessee			
Rachel	4	Female		Alabama			
Hiram	3	Male		Alabama			
John R.	2	Male		Alabama			
Dewitt	4 Mos.	Male		Alabama			
A nearby family . . .							
Sharpe, Peter W.	43 Years	Male	Born in	Maryland	Farmer	\$300	
Martha M.	30	Female		Georgia			
Mary J.	9	Female		Alabama			
Sarah F.	5	Female		Alabama			
Martha A.	2	Female		Alabama			
Garner, William J.	28 Years	Male	Born in	Georgia	School Teacher		
CHAMBERS COUNTY CENSUS . . . 1860						STATE OF ALABAMA	
Sharpe, George W.	23 Years	Male	Born in	Tennessee	Farmer	\$1,000 Real Estate	
Eliza A.	22	Female					
Marcellus C.	1	Male					
Sharpe, Daniel	48 Years	Male		Georgia		\$300 Real Estate	
Charlotte	44	Female		South Carolina		\$2,000 Personal Property	
Mary A.	22	Female		Tennessee			
Rachel S.	15	Female		Alabama			
Hiram T.	12	Male		Alabama			
John R.	11	Male		Alabama			
Dewitt C.	9	Male		Alabama			
Frank P.	6	Male		Alabama			
Charlotte V.	5	Female		Alabama			
Nancy A.	2	Female		Alabama			
CHAMBERS COUNTY CENSUS . . . June 20, 1870						STATE OF ALABAMA	
Sharpe, Daniel	58 Years	Male		Georgia			
Charlotte	54	Female		South Carolina			
Hiram T.	22	Male		Alabama			
John R.	21	Male		Alabama			
Rachel	23	Female		Alabama			
Frank P.	16	Male		Alabama			
Charlotte V.	14	Female		Alabama			
Eliza	12	Female		Alabama			
Marcellus	8	Male		Alabama			
Louisiana	7	Female		Alabama			
CHAMBERS COUNTY CENSUS . . . 1880						STATE OF ALABAMA	
Sharpe, Daniel	68 Years	Male		Georgia			
Charlotte	63	Female		South Carolina			
Marcellus D.	19	Male		Alabama			
Louisiana	17	Female		Alabama			
Sharpe, James M.	25 Years	Male		Alabama			
Elvina L.	23	Female		Alabama			
Henry M.	1	Male		Alabama			
Ernest C.	6 Mos.	Male		Alabama			

## THE LAST INDIAN UPRISING

The last Indian uprising in Chambers County, Alabama was in 1836. Mr. Harper, formerly a citizen of Harris County, Georgia, was killed while building his home in the southwestern part of the County. The incident was mentioned in a series titled "Reminiscences of LaFayette and Chambers County" by Walter B. Wood, Jr., now deceased, as published in *The LaFayette Sun* in 1949-50. One issue related the recollections of Mr. E. G. Richards of the early days of that County.

### RICHARD'S STORY

#### With Some Comments by Peter A. Brandon

The trouble between the United States and the Creek tribe of Indians in East Alabama occurred in the Spring of the year 1836. The first notice we had at LaFayette, of hostilities on the part of the Indians, was their killing a man by the name of Harper, in the southwestern part of Chambers County, Ala. Mr. Harper had been a citizen of Harris County, in the State of Georgia, for some years, but in the Spring of 1836, came to Chambers County, Ala., and built him a house in

the southwestern part of the county, on the headwaters of the Sandy Creek, where there were then more Indians than white people to which he moved his family. About the first of April of that year, if my memory of dates be correct, news reached LaFayette that the Indians had murdered Harper in his own house. His body was brought to LaFayette and buried in our cemetery. This scribe helped bury him. Whether Harper's family were at home at the time, I can-

not now state, but whether they were or not, no one was hurt but him. Immediately after this murder we began to receive news daily of depredations committed by the Indians in the counties of Russell, Barbour and Macon, where the Indians were more numerous. That caused a general alarm through the county, and about the fourth day after the killing of Harper, persons living south and west of LaFayette brought their families to LaFayette for protection.

This incident touched off the Indian scare, but the Creek uprising never really got off the ground, due mostly to the hastily organized companies of settlers in the county.

Governor C. C. Clay of Alabama, at this time issued the order to Col. Chas. McLemore, Commander of Chambers County Militia. One company at LaFayette was raised, with W. H. House, then Clerk of Circuit Court, elected leader. Another company was raised at Fredonia, with J. F. Sharpe elected as their Captain. Below Cusseta, another group elected Rev. Moses Gunn as their Captain, and the fourth group in the western part of the county elected Gen. Green Talbot as their Captain. These four companies were ordered to meet at a fort, which had been built in the extreme southwestern corner of Chambers County, near the corner of Russell, Macon and Tallapoosa Counties. The fort was built on the lands of Col. Henderson, and was called Fort Henderson.

At Fort Henderson these four companies were mustered into the United States Service for three months. However, the Company of Captain Talbot decided at this meeting that they did not wish to be mustered in at this time, and disbanded and returned to their homes, leaving the other three groups. The Companies of Captain House and Captain Sharpe were stationed at Fort Henderson for the three months, while Captain Gunn's Company was stationed at a fort they built on Hallawakee Creek, in the southeastern part of Chambers County near Cusseta, where Floyd's Mill now stands. The fort was named for their leader, Captain Gunn.

This Company was under the command of Maj. John C. Webb, who was next in command to Col. McLemore. Major Webb was an excellent leader, and while they had no fighting to do, he was with his men on many scouting parties. Their presence in the area kept the Indians in check, while the last of the Indians and the Creek Nation were being moved west of the Mississippi River.

# JAMES MONROE SHARPE

## FAMILY RECORD

HUSBAND - Full Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
James Monroe Sharpe	3	November	1854		Chambers	Alabama	
	22	November	1877				
	5	March	1937				
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama							
His Father William Henry Sharpe Mother Martha (Mary) Smith							
WIFE - Full Maiden Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
Elvina Laurella Milford	17	March	1857				
	22	November	1877				
	11	February	1938		Chambers	Alabama	
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama							
Her Father Phillip P. Milford Mother Martha McCasley							
CHILDREN - Full Name(s)	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
1. Henry Milford	21	September	1878		Chambers	Alabama	
Spouse	26	December	1904	(2) Zola Glee Eshelman - December 23, 1919			
	30	May	1952	Brighton		Alabama	
Leila Satterwhite	* Buried at Brighton, Alabama						
2. Earnest Chalmers	13	May	1880			Alabama	
Spouse	30	September	1906				
	24	March	1958				
Mary Viola Waldron	* Buried at Arcadia, Florida						
3. Webster Hershel	26	September	1881				
Spouse	26	December	1910				
	1	March	1963				
Lucy Jones	* Buried at Clanton, Alabama						
4. Andrew Jackson	6	May	1883				
Spouse	24	June	1908				
	13	October	1964				
Kate Wallace	* LaFayette Cemetery, Alabama						
5. Wilbur Durrelle	6	November	1885				
Spouse	28	December	1910				
	25	May	1967				
Mary Bullock	* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama						
6. Rufus Bernard	7	November	1887				
Spouse	13	December	1913	(2) Annie Lee Williford - January 11, 1929			
	6	February	1956				
Mary Clarke	* Buried at Tampa, Florida						
7. James Otis	6	June	1889			Alabama	
Spouse	11	January	1910				
	26	June	1962				
Fannie Mae Huckaby	* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama						
8. Jasper Wise	22	January	1891				
Spouse	14	December	1914				
	25	August	1963				
Katie Mae Cox	* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama						
9. John Calvin	23	December	1893			Alabama	
Spouse	9	August	1921				
Euna Mae Benton							
10. Melwyn Hervey	8	November	1895			Alabama	
Spouse	10	January	1915				
	25	November	1971				
Elloree Still	* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama						

# PHILLIP PHAGAN MILFORD

## FAMILY RECORD

HUSBAND - Full Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
Phillip Phagan Milford	Born	14	February	1804		South Carolina	
	Mar.						
	Died	12	January	1880			
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama							
*Show Place(s) of Residence, Occupation, Military Record, Church Affiliation, etc., in the space provided, or turn sheet over.							
His Father				Mother			
WIFE - Full Maiden Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
Martha McCarley	Born		1816				
	Mar.						
	Died		1901				
* Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama							
↓ Show each child in order of Birth. Show full Maiden Name of Spouse, as applicable.							
Her Father				Mother			
David McCarley				Mary Beatty			
CHILDREN - Full Name(s)	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
1. Awilda	Born	26	April	1843			
Spouse	Mar.						
W. F. Abernathy	Died	23	June	1928			
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama							
2. Rufus C.	Born		1846				
Spouse	Mar.						
	Died						
* Was Deaf and Dumb. Married a Deaf and Dumb girl. Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Ala.							
3. Olivia (Livi)	Born	9	October	1850			
Spouse	Mar.						
W. A. Yeargan	Died	8	November	1891			
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama							
4. Miles H.	Born		1848				
Spouse	Mar.						
Vick	Died		1914				
*							
5. Cary M.	Born	16	May	1854			
Spouse	Mar.						
	Died	8	November	1889			
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama							
6. Elvina Laurella	Born	17	March	1857			
Spouse	Mar.	22	November	1877			
James Monroe Sharpe	Died	11	February	1938			
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, Chambers, Alabama							
7. Myron Woodson	Born		1860				
Spouse	Mar.						
Mary Alice Crook	Died						
* Buried in Lanett, Chambers, Alabama							



## THE FRANK BEATY HOUSE

### Where James Monroe Sharpe Lived As A Boy

The following is some information connected with the history of the old log cabin near Buffalo, known as the Frank Beaty House. It was the home and sleeping quarters of my father, James Monroe Sharpe, during and after the Civil War, from 1862 until 1870. When my grandfather William Henry Sharpe rode the only horse the family had off to the war, he left five small children under nine years of age, of which my father James Monroe, was the oldest. When word reached the family that my grandfather William Henry had died of scarlet fever, my father was hired out to James Beaty at the age of nine, and made a regular hand until 1870. For his wages was paid one-half bushel of meal every two weeks, to take home to his mother and the other four children. Since he was about five miles from his work, he went home every two weeks, and carried the corn by the mill to have it ground on the way home. He was always back there bright and early on Monday morning ready for work.

His seven years' work for his Uncle John Beaty, as he proudly spoke of him, had quite an influence on his later life. He once spoke of him as the only hand he ever had, who could whistle while plowing in a new ground. Throughout his life he was always whistling, or humming a tune along with his work. Much of his life he drove a "Peddler" wagon to West Point, Georgia, each week loaded down with truck crops and live poultry of every type. The Jews up in the old Bluffton area were very fond of his ducks, geese, turkeys and guineas, and would always know he was in town when they heard him whistling. He also operated a beef market in West Point for many years.

Back to the Uncle John Beaty story, James later earned the right to call him Uncle John, when he married the youngest daughter of Phillip Phagan Milford, Laura Ella Milford. She was the sister of Uncle Woody Milford who spent many of his later years with the First Baptist Church of Lanett.

The Milfords were closely related to the Beatys, and lived in the same community. Also Herbert Milford, a former Sheriff of Chambers County, was a grandson of Miles Milford, a brother of Woody Milford. Also Chief of Police of Lanett, Oma Sharpe, was a son of Frank Sharpe, a second cousin of ours.

We are very proud of the Milford blood that flows in our veins. The Milford Reunion had its beginning back in the Carolinas before coming to Alabama.

The very first year my father Jim Sharpe worked for his Uncle John Beaty, he learned to ride and

whistle while he rode the plow horse to and from the field every day, and thereby whistling his way into the confidence of his Uncle John, for soon he allowed him to ride the plow horse to the mill to have the corn ground for the family meal. What a day to be remembered, for a boy of nine, to be able to say, "I have been to mill," which means he was a person of experience, and could be trusted. To make such a trip, he must be able to do a few things well: first, he must be able to ride a horse, guide him in the right direction, so that the sack does not come untied at the top, which would almost mean a calamity. As the sack of grain was placed across the horse's shoulder, be sure the grain was evenly divided on each side, so there would be no danger of slipping to one side. No doubt Uncle John secured the sack at the top before placing it across the horse's shoulders, rightly dividing the grain on each side, which was later to be the duty of the honest miller at the mill, and the boy had no worry.

The Bible tells that your young men shall have visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. Well, here is the exact occasion of the young man's vision. It took place at the historic old Doyle's Mill, now known as Ward's Mill, and still later as Kurby's Mill. While waiting at the mill for his grinding, he waded through the swift cool water that rolled down a steep incline of solid rock, for some 300 feet, to a large basin of water that lapped against the rock walls of the two or three-story building that housed the old mill. This body of water near the mill served a vast area of Chambers County as a fisherman's paradise, as well as a picnic area of unusual beauty and fascinating appeal. The feel of the warm golden meal and rich graham flour, that poured with wonderful regularity from the large rocks, stirred the young man to the depth of his soul. He had visions of the future, and hope and joy in the possibility of just such a wonderland of his own. This thought continued in his mind until it was achieved in not many years hence.

The next year his hopes were further boosted by the gift of a baby bull calf from his Uncle John, which he trained to ride and pull like a steer. Then with the gift of another calf the next year, he was soon the proud owner of a well-trained yoke of oxen, to which he gave the names of Kaleb and Joshua. This yoke of steers proved to be a wise investment.

For many years they were valuable in his determined drive to own his own farm, and to build his own home. After five years of on-the-job training

on the Beaty farm, and the wise counseling of his Uncle John, he felt, at the advanced age of 14, he was capable of taking over the operation of his mother's farm, and be better able to provide for her and the four other children. How well he managed the affairs of the family was shown in later years as the family grew up, when the deeds to the entire farm were made over to the one and only whistling Jim.

After studying the water possibilities on this farm, and with the vision still uppermost in his mind, he decided on the purchase of a farm some distance down below the fork of two creeks, one with headwaters beginning in front of the old school house at White Plains, the other beginning behind the old ginhouse at White Plains. The two creeks make up the Mount Hickory creek that flows into the Chicasanoxie Creek near Milltown.

Here he built two dams, one on each creek, complete with race to mill house with undershot wheel and rocks for grinding corn or wheat. The pond on the other creek was built for ginning cotton, and was complete with race to ginhouse and undershot wheel, with a single gin setup, and was capable of ginning about two bales per day. The packing was done with a yoke of steers. The large steel wheel was bought from the Columbus Iron Works, and was hauled home from Columbus, Georgia, with

six large steers, or three yoke of oxen, taking four days to make the trip. One pond was known as the Gin Pond, the other was called the Mill Pond.

Both ponds were stocked with what was called native fish, suckers or crawl bottoms, yellow and spotted cat, perch, trout and eel, which was very common in those days. Once when draining the gin pond, he saved a 60 gallon barrel full of eels, about 18 in. long, to stock a third pond he built further up the branch. The three ponds were a drawing attraction from every section of the County.

At this time he made another trip to Columbus, Georgia, for the purchase of one of the famous Golden Syrup Mills made by the Columbus Iron Works, complete with heavy iron rollers, 10 ft. copper pan evaporator, barrels, kegs, skimmers, dippers and floating boards. The frame, leverbeam and lead pole were made at home. This syrup-making, which kept him busy for the next 20 years, was known as the syrup-making era. Along with this, he added a 250-egg incubator to his poultry business. As if this didn't give him enough to do, he then decided to spread out, and built a regular four-gin cotton ginning outfit with a grist mill and sawmill all under one roof, which he operated the next 8 years.



Frank Beaty house sits alone, unoccupied, near Buffalo.



JAMES M. SHARPE HOME PLACE - 1900



JAMES MONROE and ELVINA LAURELLA MILFORD SHARPE and Family in 1894



CHAPEL HILL SCHOOL 1893 - 96

**First Row, Left to Right** - Warren Sorrell, Lena House, Lula Arrington, Byron Wilson, Leslie Dorman, May Wilson, Teacher Miss Etta Steed, Bill Finney, Eugenia Ivey, George Thompson, Jay House, Willie Woodall, Frank Dorman, Lula Slay, Carrie Standfield, Luella McLunkins. **Second Row** - Minnie McLunkin, Walker Woodall, Ben Weldon, Julia Woodall, Leilla McLunkin, Ella Arrington, Ernest Sharpe, Webster Sharpe, John Thompson, Alleen Finney, Leonia Wilson, John Slay, Ludy Barber, Lena Blackston. **Third Row** - Myrtle Wilson, Johnney Pledger, Lurine Barber, Rander Finney, Otis Lamb, Otis Sharpe, Ben Weldon, Olen Lamb, Cammie Adams, Susie Lamb, Cora Weldon, Zeke Thompson, Wilber Sharpe. **Fourth Row** - Emerson Wilson, Bobbie Standfield, Minnie Ola Clifton, Lewis Weldon, Essie Pledger, Luther Blackston, Mattie Lou Blackston, Ada Dorman, Mary Etta Woodall, Walt Weldon, Mattie Hamlin, Ella Mae Abernathy, Oral Weldon, Jammie Adams, Maggie Adams, May Fannie Barber, Jasper Sharpe, Rufus Sharpe.

STUDENTS AT MUD - RED SCHOOL HOUSE AT HAMBURG  
NEAR BUFFALO, ALABAMA  
1903



**First Row, Left to Right** - Leon Huckaby, Emerson Slaughter, Tillman Slaughter, Freeman Boy, Guy Lindsay, Rossie Morgan, Shaver Boy, Olen Huckaby, George Perihay, J. T. Spence, Sam Spence, Arthur Shaver, Dowdell Spence, Charlie Parker, Walter Cole, Morgan Spence, Mailey Parker. **Second Row** - Davis Girl, Kyle Huckaby, Burren Coggins, Dan Coggin, Huckaby Girl, Annie Freeman, Lessie Lawson, Lureen Huckaby, Davis Girl, Bertie Dodson, Olga Davis, Billy Parker, Charlie Spence, Sim Parker, Jasper Sharpe, Willie Bullock, John Parker, Mac Cole, Joe Shaver. **Third Row** - Sara Cole, Minnie K. Huckaby, Shaver Girl, Lindsay Girl, Mary Ernest Callahan, Johnie Davis. **Fourth Row** - Huckaby Girl, Winnie Davis, Rosa Lee Spence, Hattie May Slaughter, Fannie May Huckaby, Dena Parker, Otis Sharpe, Octavia Davis, Mary Bullock, Carrie Lee Shaver, Inez Freeman, Odessa Parker, Nadean Cole, Frankie Blackston, Kate Cole, Annie Bullock, Ernest Davis. **Back Row** - Fred Callahan, Henry Sharpe, Teacher, Wife, Leila Saterwhite Sharpe, Freeman Boy. Absent that day were - Calvin Sharpe, Melwyn Sharpe, Wenfry Huckaby, Wilber Sharpe, George Beatty, Rufus Sharpe, Walker Benton, Loma Benton, John Lindsay, Willie Yeargan, Allen Beatty, Paul Williams, Jay Lamb, Olen Lamb, Otis Lamb, Susie Lamb, Eddie Lindsay, Joel Smith, Dillard Hunter, Farley Hunter.



# CHapel Hill Post Office



Postmasters William L. Wilson, September 13, 1874 - Allen B. Wilson, March 16, 1887 - John W. Pledger, December 20, 1900.



THE ONE DOZEN CLUB

1. Dawson (Doss) McLain 2. Sally McCarley 3. Ernest Sharpe 4. Belton (Belt) Ramage  
5. Henry Sharpe 6. Odessa Sharp 7. Frank Finley 8. Webster (Web) Sharpe 9. Katie  
Dannby 10. Jackson (Jack) Sharpe 11. Bunyan (Bun) McCarley 12. Billy Dannby  
Photo made Summer of 1901.

## WARD'S (DOYLE'S) MILL HISTORY

Mark Fretwell, a former resident of West Point now living in St. Augustine, Florida, says he will always continue his interest in the heritage and history of the Valley area.

He has collected rare items of his heritage for many years and recently sent two such articles for the files of the Chattahoochee Valley Historical Society.

One such item is of special value as it also includes pictures of old Doyle's Mill in Chambers County. Mark and his wife, Betty, took the pictures in 1950 and the historic old grist mill is no longer standing, having succumbed to the ravages of weather and neglect.

Fretwell wrote about the mill:

"Your father or your grandfather would remember it as Ward's Mill and he can tell you it was a famous place for picnics and house parties when he was a young man. If you have never been there, it is about four miles southwest of Fredonia and the skeleton of the old mill house still stands (1950). The winds and rains and sunshine of many years have battered and punished it. The millstones are there and some of the old hand hewn columns and beams and joists are sturdy and solid.

"The falls of the creek above the mill send its waters rushing over great granite rocks, to drop into a quiet pool below, which seems to have been hollowed and worn in the face of solid stone during the long and forgotten centuries. Across the pool, sloping bare rock extends several hundred yards up toward a ridge covered with pines.

"You perhaps know the stream as Waterworks Creek, because it is the same one which winds down through the hills and empties into the Chattahoochee River at the West Point pumping station.

"The Indians had another name for it . . . Oceligee . . . which means 'place where cassine yaupon came from.' This was very important because the

plant was used in making the famous Black Drink of the southern Indians.

"The mill was built by Nimrod Doyle in 1816, the first white man to establish his home in what was later to become Chambers County. He was a veteran of St. Clair's campaign around the Great Lakes (1790) and was wounded during his service there. He also served in the Southern Indian wars in the early 1800's. Doyle was brave and resourceful, the years of hard training in the wilderness having produced in him a very great measure of skill and tact in dealing with Indians and other phases of frontier life. He was much in demand as a scout and leader and for years traded among various tribes which were lo-

cated in this area, traveling from village to village.

"Finally, Doyle married an Indian woman and built his mill there on Oceligee creek. He raised a large half-breed family and was respected by Indians and whites alike, often being called upon to settle disputes or in the crude frontier manner, to administer justice. As the years passed, the trading post which he operated in connection with the mill attracted trade all through the Valley and even from West Georgia.

"Nimrod Doyle was the first white settler in Chambers County, 1816. The predecessor of trade and industry in the Valley. His mill tapped energy from the swift waters flowing into the Chattahoochee River."



The Mill in 1951

Story by Virginia Smith  
appeared in The Columbus Ledger-Enquirer feature  
East Alabama TODAY

## WHITE PLAINS COMMUNITY HISTORY

The following is a short history of community activities and life as enjoyed by the people around White Plains. Dating from the time the first schoolhouse was built, the community will celebrate its 87th anniversary in 1972. The first school building was erected in the year 1885, with the first term beginning in 1886. Being a one-room school, each teacher elected, not only had complete charge of the school, but was a leader of the community. We don't have a complete record of the years each teacher taught, but the following teachers had charge of the school in this order.

The honor of being the first school teacher, or

School Master, as they were sometimes referred to, went to Ben Tysinger. Very few farmers had an extra room in which to board the teacher in those days, so a home was built for the teacher. It stood for many years just south of the school building on the highway. Mr. Tysinger was followed in the school work by Bob Taylor, grandfather of R. W. Taylor. Then came Miss Pearl Gamble, Walter Spinks, Annie Beard, Irine McCarley, Edna Alsobrooks, Hattie McClendon, Elnor Wallace, Adell Quarrells, Alberta Harris, Helen Moss, Emma Woodly, Ivy Sands, Wyatt Roberts, Ella Sands, Carrie King, Vivian Elliot, Edgar Owens, Ada Pearl Simms, Nellie Bonor, and Edna McCarley.



WHITE PLAINS SCHOOL - 1915

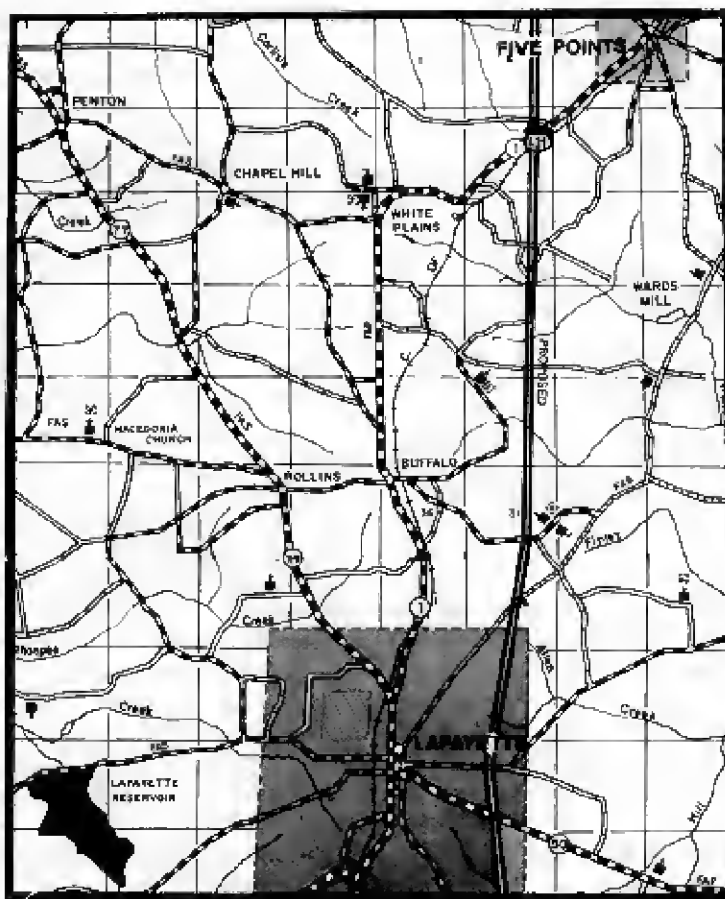
1. Enna Benton 2. Sara McCarley 3. Cal Sharpe 4. Frank McCarley 5. Esten McCarley 6. Byron DeLoach  
7. Lula Mae Sharpe 8. Novie Benton 9. Annie Mae House 10. Euna Phillips 11. Catherine Finney 12. Sara  
Taylor 13. Eglah Piper 14. Smith Golden 15. Millard Benton 16. Clyde Ramage 17. Robert Taylor 18. Jack  
Finney Teacher - Miss Carrie King

A union Sunday School contributed much to the life of the community, and was well attended for some 40 years, with ministers from various denominations holding services on many Sunday afternoons. Among these were J. Thomas Hollingsworth, J. T. Self, Alex Yeargan, J. M. Smith and John W. Hamm, the evangelist, who conducted a large tent meeting in the summer of 1917, which was attended by a great many people from all over the County. Some of the Superintendents of the Sunday School, we recall, were M. P. McCarley, Bob McLain, C. F. Finney, J. C. Sharpe, J. B. McLain, W. D. Sharpe and J. M. Barber.

The first grant of four acres of land was given the Methodist Church of Pine Grove (Negro) by my great-grandfather, Daniel Sharpe, in the 1840s. I am glad to report that the Pine Grove Church is still going strong today, after some 130 years of faithful service to its members. The first building was a brush arbor construction, a very humble beginning.

One of the first National Farm Loan Associations was organized at White Plains. Other farm organizations which held regular meetings in White Plains were the Farmers Alliance and Farmers Union. Debating Societies discussed questions of Stock Law and Women's Suffrage. One debater would make a point against the stock, with waving arms, shouting, "Must I break down my physical strength or sell my cow?" The other side would shout, "Must I lose my crop to your cow running out?" Although many times tempers flared, we have no record of a murder or suicide among the white people of the community.

Barbecues, picnics, Christmas trees, school plays, egg hunts and baseball games played a prominent part in the social life of both white and Negro people of White Plains. And believe it or not, baseball was first introduced in the school by a lady teacher, Miss Adell Quarrells, who, at first, did the pitching for both sides.



## A BRIEF HISTORY OF LEBANON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

By Dr. Henry Frazer

At the 100th Anniversary Homecoming exercises at Lebanon Church, in 1943, I took the following record. At the fall meeting of the Presbytery of East Alabama, held at the Carolina Church in October, 1843, a number of Presbyterians residing in the vicinity of Nolan's Mill (later known as Doyle's Mill, and now known as Ward's Mill), petitioned that body to set them off from LaFayette Presbyterian Church, and to organize them into a separate organization. This request was granted by Presbytery, and Rev. William R. Patton was authorized to effect the organization. This was done on the 30th of December, 1843, with the following members constituting the congregation: David McCarley, Sr., Mary McCarley, Sr., Mary McCarley, John B. McCarley, Elias McCarley, David McCarley, Jr., William McCarley, Sarah McCarley, Martha McCarley, Joseph McCarley, Sr., Sam McCarley, John Barber, Margaret Barber, Elizabeth Akin, Thomas Johnson, Margaret Johnson, James S. Pickens, Robert Wardlaw, Jane Blair, Margaret Beaty, John Beaty and Frances Beaty.

On the following day, the election of elders was held by the congregation, and the names of David McCarley, Sr., David McCarley, Jr., and Robert Wardlaw appear on the first page of the new organization, as those chosen to guide the spiritual destinies of the newly organized congregation. The first report was made to Presbytery in 1846. The Presbytery was in session at Jacksonville, Ala., and was very attentive to every phase of the interest of this new congregation. The name under which the report was made was "Union Chapel," which was rather too liberal for the Presbytery of that time. The elder representing the congregation was instructed by the body to have the name changed, which was done, and thereafter the church was known as "Lebanon Church." The place of worship for several years was at the place of organization, where the old Sweet Home M. E. church has borne testimony to the atoning merits of the blood of Jesus Christ for three quarters of a century. The church was moved from that place to the present location some years later, and worship was held in a school building which stood where the present rock residence, erected some decades ago by Mr. A. L. McCarley, now stands. The present edifice was erected about the year 1870, and dedicated to the glory of God the same year. Mr. Warren Yeatman was for many years a ruling elder in the church, and is perhaps the only living man who assisted in the erection of the building.



Lebanon Church

Mr. Jarret Trammell, who was present, recalls very vividly one of the hymns sung on the occasion. It was one of the old hymns of petition for the outpouring of grace upon the people:

*Savior visit Thy plantation,  
Grant us Lord, a gracious rain,  
All must come to desolation,  
Unless Thou return again;  
Lord, revive us, Oh, revive us:  
All our help must come from Thee.*

This shows the character of the music of the time, and gives an insight into the earnestness with which our fathers approached the Throne of Grace when they entered the courts of our God.

Members from the outside began to unite themselves with the church as early as the Spring communion season of 1844, and the Session was strengthened in 1854 by the election of Mr. Andrew J. Blakely, who had come into the church from the Rocky Springs Church of Laurens County, South Carolina. The church continued to grow in numbers and in influence for good in the community until the trying period of 1861-1865. War plays havoc with the life of a church, as well as with other phases of human relationship, and we find but sparse mention of meetings of the Session during this trying period. We can easily conjecture the lack of money, absence of many in the actual conflict, and other distressing circumstances connected with the war, that are responsible for the suspension temporarily of regular meetings of the Session, and doubtless of the gatherings for public worship. But this experience taught men the value of soul interest, and after the return of the soldier boys from the camps and battle fields, they followed in the footsteps of their fathers and united with the church and

became honored and useful men in their day and generation. During the August revival of 1865 there was a great ingathering of men and women who were destined to become influential members of the church. Some of these were: Albert L. McCarley, Mary Ann McJunkin, Laura E. Ramage, Mrs. Mary V. Ramage, James B. Ramage, Martha L. Blakely, Thomas C. Farris, Elizabeth McCarley, Mrs. Isabelle F. Callahan, Victoria A. Blakeley, Margaret C. Frazer, James Blair and M. P. McCarley.

The church has had a continuous history from the day of organization to the present time, and although the membership has been small, comparatively speaking, it has exerted a strong influence for good in the community. The great doctrines of the Lord of God, as interpreted by the Presbyterian Church, have been both taught from its pulpit and practiced in the lives of its membership. Its ministry has led the community life and activity, and the influence of Lebanon has been felt in other denominations and in other communities. It has fulfilled the prophecy of the Psalmist: *There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.* Members who were indoctrinated in this old church have born testimony for their Lord in many sections of our country, and streams of wholesome influence have flowed from this place to make glad the city of God.

The writer has searched diligently to find the names of the ministers who served the congregation, and the periods of their respective services. The following is as correct as it is possible to secure such data from the records available. In 1843, William R. Patton was in charge of the church, which he was instructed to organize, and no other name appears until 1850, when the name of Rev. M. Dickson appears. From 1853 to 1855, Rev. E. J. Walker was the supply. In 1856, Rev. Robert Bell gave his services for three or four months only, and he was succeeded by Rev. W. W. Morrison, who filled out the remaining part of the year, and served the church during the year 1857. In 1858, Rev. G. R. Foster served his first period with the church, and was succeeded by Rev. H. N. Pharr, who preached until 1860. There seems to have been only intermittent gatherings for worship until 1862, when Rev. W. W. Morrison, who had served the church in 1857, came back to the field, and was the minister in charge until 1865. In 1866, Rev. James L. Reed began his ministry which lasted until 1872. His honored son, The Rev. Dr. Richard C. Reed, is today the Professor of Church History at Columbia Theological Seminary, and is one of the most useful men in the Southern Presbyterian Church. Rev. G. R. Foster, who had been with the church during

the year 1858, came back for a period of service from 1873 to 1877. Then began the ministry of Rev. William Swift, remembered by many of you who are here today, which continued until 1880. After his departure there is no record of regular service until 1882, when Rev. Robert Nall, D. D., became the supply pastor for about a year. In 1883, Rev. John R. Bruce came to the field, and his ministry was highly appreciated by the congregation. Perhaps the greatest service rendered to the church by the Rev. Mr. Bruce, however, was the introduction to the field of Rev. William Thomas Hollingsworth, who had the longest period of service of any one in the history of the church. He served first from 1885 to 1896, and then again from 1900 to 1913, making a total of 25 years of service. Rev. J. C. Wiggins was the supply from 1896 to 1898. Rev. W. L. Bedinger came in 1899 and served one year only. After the second period of ministry of Rev. W. T. Hollingsworth, which lasted as stated above from 1900 to 1913, Rev. John B. Reily came to the field, and did a splendid work until he was called to Cleveland, Tennessee, in 1915. Part of the year 1915, the church was supplied by Rev. George W. Gasque, now a rector in the Episcopal Church. After a lapse of several months, Rev. A. F. Laird began his ministry which lasted from 1918 to 1922. The present pastorate, that of Rev. J. Meek White, began in the Spring of 1924.



Lebanon Presbyterian Church  
near Buffalo, Ala.



# Lebanon Church History, continued

The following is a list of elders, with the dates of their ordination and installation, so far as the writer has been able to secure from the data on record:

David McCarley, Sr., 1843 (charter member)  
David McCarley, Jr., 1843 (charter member)  
Robert Wardlaw, 1843 (charter member)  
Andrew J. Blakeley, 1854  
Alexander Bell, 1857  
John Beaty, 1857  
Elias B. McCarley, 1859  
A. L. McCarley, 1859  
A. S. McCarley, 1868  
R. R. Yeargan, 1869  
W. P. McCarley, 1874  
Frank Sharpe, 1879  
W. A. Yeargan, 1879  
R. A. Taylor, 1885  
J. W. McCarley, 1907  
D. H. McCarley, 1907  
E. C. Frazer, 1907  
H. M. Sharpe, 1901  
Joel D. Trammell, 1933  
W. D. Sharpe, 1933  
B. R. Frazer, 1933  
J. C. Sharpe, 1936  
J. A. Trammell, 1948  
J. M. Spence, 1948.

Deacons that have served the church are:

Thomas A. Beaty	B. R. Frazer
Ira H. Smith	J. C. Sharpe
Robert A. Beaty	George H. Beaty
J. W. McCarley	J. A. Trammell
H. M. Sharpe	J. M. Spence
A. B. McCarley	Clarence Sharpe
J. R. Taylor	John E. McCarley
O. J. McCarley	Frank McCarley
W. D. Sharpe	James P. Trammell

J. Cal Sharpe was elected Deacon in 1915, in John B. Reily's ministry, before World War I.



INSIDE VIEW OF LEBANON CHURCH

Nae Chun Chong of Korea takes own picture,  
with Allen Chapman smile.

## LAFAYETTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Historical Marker Dedicated

This story originally appeared in  
The Columbus Ledger-Enquirer feature  
East Alabama TODAY

BY VIRGINIA SMITH

On Sunday, October 19, at 3 p.m. (CDT) the third Alabama historical marker will be dedicated in Chambers County.

This marker, to be placed at the Lafayette Presbyterian church, is a joint project of the Lafayette church and the Valley Historical Society. The Presbyterian church paid for the cost of the marker, which will be put in place by the Chambers County Commission, directed by Commissioner Robert Gay.

The marker reads,

"The Lafayette Presbyterian Church

organized 1831

This structure built by early settlers

from Virginia, Tennessee and the

Carolinas and subsequently modified.

The original building has stood since

1836.

Union Sunday School begun here in 1891.

Many eminent ministers have filled the pulpit."

Mrs. Q. P. Siler, a long time member of the church, has written a history of the church and the building. Her research shows that the lot was bought on June 29, 1835 and deeded to the Elders of the Presbyterian church. The deed is signed by the Court House Commissioners, Thomas Russell, Baxter Taylor and James Taylor.

This church was built shortly after this date but by

deeding the building to the church Elders, it is believed that there was an organized church congregation prior to 1835.

The original building stands today with a few changes made over the 134 years. A porch supported by four large columns was originally across the front. Green blinds were at the windows and a white picket fence enclosed the lot. With the passing years, the porch was removed and in 1891 a vestibule was built. The original doors, right and left, leading into the building, remain. The rare bell-shaped steeple, struck by lightning, remains undamaged.

Some interior changes include the removal of the choir loft at the rear. The hand-made pews placed in the church in 1835, are in use today. The blinds and the fence are gone and today the church stands alone on the 11 by 200 foot lot.

The Lafayette Presbyterian church has known many outstanding ministers. These include Dr. W. M. Morrison who came to Lafayette from Virginia just prior to the Civil War. Dr. Morrison organized the Presbyterian church at Oak Bowery and also served the New Harmony church, organized in 1838.

Dr. Morrison left Lafayette to go as a missionary to the Belgian Congo and there met the great African minister, Shepard. Dr. Morrison sent Dr. Shepard to the United States to conduct a lecture and preaching tour to the Negro churches.

In 1891 Dr. George R. Mendell of North Carolina came to the Lafayette church where he remained for 8 years. He was also named as

President of Lafayette College and organized the Union Sunday School, which met at the Lafayette Presbyterian church in the afternoons.

Several of Dr. McNeill's students entered the ministry. One was Dr. DeWitt Willis Hollingsworth and another was Dr. W. Henry Frazer, who served as president of Bell Haven College in Jackson, Mississippi and Queens College in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Today, the church has only

19 members and relies on Seminary ministers.

The dedication speaker on October 19, the Rev. John Kuykendall, Presbyterian minister at Auburn University and associate minister of the Auburn First Presbyterian church, is the grandson of Dr. Henry Frazer, who once filled the Lafayette pulpit.

The Dedication program, which will include many invited guests statewide, will begin with a prelude by Mrs.

A. G. Frazer, followed by the invocation.

Mrs. Hugh Smith, president of the Valley Historical Society, will extend greetings to the guests.

Dr. B. F. Frazer, Clerk of the Session, will give the welcome and introduce the speaker.

The marker will be unveiled by the Ruling Elders, A. G. Frazer, Esten McCarley and Harry Rowe.

The public is invited to attend the marker dedication.



Dr. B. E. Frazer (L), Harry Rowe



Lafayette Presbyterian Church - 1969

# MILFORD REUNION



Front Row - Linnie Yeagan, Betty Milford, John Milford, Allie Abernathy, Minnie Abernathy. Back Row - Sam Abernathy, Jasper Sharpe, Sr., W. D. Sharpe, Maggie Milford, Beuna Abernathy, Mary Sharpe, J. O. Sharpe, Ola Abernathy House, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Milford.



The Old Home House



Mr. and Mrs. James M. Sharpe and 10 Boys - 1900

THE SHARPE FAMILY — FIRST REUNION



1949

## THE FIRST SHARPE REUNION

July 3, 1949

The following is the account of the first Sharpe Reunion held at the Old Sharpe Home Place at White Plains in Chambers County, Alabama, as reported by *The LaFayette Sun*, July 3, 1949, entitled—"FROM THE HILLS OF HOME."

On Sunday, July 3, 1949, the ten Sharpe boys, sons of the late James Monroe Sharpe and Laurella Milford Sharpe, and their families, met at the old home place and enjoyed an old-fashioned family reunion, with John C. Sharpe, number nine in the line-up, as host.

Dinner was served on Saturday to early-comers, followed by watermelon-cutting and yarn-swapping around the barbecue pit at night, that lasted 'til the wee hours in the morning. Sunday morning, they attended church services in a group at the Presbyterian Church at Lebanon, filling the little old church to its capacity, and heard Rev. Hugh Linton deliver a fine sermon on John 3:16.

After the sermon, a memorial service was held at the cemetery by the grave-side of Father and

Mother. At 12:30, a barbecue dinner with all the trimmings was served in the grove near the old home. After dinner, speeches and talks were made by County Agent E. L. Stewart; Rev. A. C. Dollar, Pastor of the Christian Church at Langdale; Rev. Hugh Linton, Pastor of Lebanon Presbyterian Church; Emmett Farrington, Assistant County Agent from Heflin, Alabama; Alva Webb, S.C.S. Technician, Talladega, Alabama; Raymond Sharpe of Andalusia, Alabama; E. C. Sharpe of Arcadia, Florida; Alvin Milford of LaFayette, Alabama; Hervy Sharpe of Clewiston, Florida; and William Sharpe, Recreational Director from Charleston, South Carolina.

Pictures were made of the entire group, as well as individual groups, by Charles Spence, Jr. While some enjoyed trips through the woods and pastures, and down by the old pond, others enjoyed a hit-and-run ball game back of the barn, which brought back memories of the days when we had a ball team of our own,

and one left over for a pinch hitter.

The day was closed with a roof-raising hymn-singing at the home of the J. C. Sharpes. After the singing, a meeting was held by the heads of the Ten Tribes, in which J. C. Sharpe was elected Chairman, and Peggy Sharpe was elected Secretary. A unanimous vote was taken to meet on the first Sunday in July of each year. After singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," the first Sharpe Reunion came to a close.

Of the ten sons and their families enjoying this occasion were H. M. Sharpe, Birmingham, Alabama; E. C. Sharpe, Arcadia, Florida; W. H. Sharpe, Clanton, Alabama; A. J. Sharpe, LaFayette, Alabama; W. D. Sharpe, LaFayette, Alabama; J. O. Sharpe, Montgomery, Alabama; J. W. Sharpe, Shawmut, Alabama; J. C. Sharpe, LaFayette, Alabama; and M. H. Sharpe, Bushnell, Florida. The only brother not in attendance was R. B. Sharpe, Tampa, Florida, who was unable to come due to ill health.





White Plains First Nine All-Sharpe Team  
Hen... Ern... Web... Jack... Bill... Out... Jip... Col... Mel



First Squad All Present With Topkick

# JOHN CALVIN SHARPE FAMILY

## FAMILY RECORD

### JOHN CALVIN SHARPE

HUSBAND - Full Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
<u>John Calvin Sharpe</u>	Born	23	December	1893	Buffalo	Chambers	Alabama
	Mar.	9	August	1921		Chambers	Alabama
	Died						
*Show Place(s) of Residence, Occupation, Military Record, Church Affiliation, etc., in the space provided, or turn sheet over.							
His Father <u>James Monroe Sharpe</u>				Mother <u>Elvina Laurella Millford</u>			
WIFE - Full Maiden Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
<u>Euna Mae Benton</u>	Born	24	June	1901	Buffalo	Chambers	Alabama
	Mar.	9	August	1921		Chambers	Alabama
	Died						
*Show each child in order of Birth. Show full Maiden Name of Spouse, as applicable.							
Her Father <u>Benjamin Bryant Benton</u>				Mother <u>Alleen Sharp</u>			
CHILDREN - Full Name(s)	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
1. <u>Patricia Jane</u> Spouse	Born	12	December	1932	Buffalo	Chambers	Alabama
	Mar.						
	Died	24	February	1954			
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, LaFayette, Alabama							
2. <u>Margaret Lemerle (Peggy)</u> Spouse	Born	28	January	1937			
	Mar.	28	November	1958	Montgomery		Alabama
	Died						
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, LaFayette, Alabama							
Rogers, Henry Gerald							

## FAMILY RECORD

### HENRY GERALD RODGERS

HUSBAND - Full Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
<u>Henry Gerald Rodgers</u>	Born	25	September	1928	Bay Minette	Baldwin	Alabama
	Mar.	28	November	1958	Montgomery	Montgomery	Alabama
	Died						
* Places of Residence: Bay Minette, Montgomery, Alabama							
Church Affiliation: Presbyterian							
His Father <u>Edwin N. Rodgers</u>				Mother <u>Charlotte Cook</u>			
WIFE - Full Maiden Name	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
<u>Peggy Sharpe</u>	Born	28	January	1937		Chambers	Alabama
	Mar.	28	November	1958			
	Died						
* Places of Residence: Chambers County, Montgomery, Alabama							
Church Affiliation: Presbyterian							
Her Father <u>John Calvin Sharpe</u>				Mother <u>Euna Mae Benton</u>			
CHILDREN - Full Name(s)	Day	Month	Year	City or Place	County	State	Other Information
1. <u>Henry Gerald, Jr.</u> Spouse	Born	10	September	1961	Alexandria	Rapides	Louisiana
	Mar.						
	Died						
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, LaFayette, Alabama							
2. <u>Martha Jane</u> Spouse	Born	2	November	1961	Montgomery	Montgomery	Alabama
	Mar.						
	Died						
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, LaFayette, Alabama							
3. <u>James Lee (Jim) III</u> Spouse	Born	6	May	1963	Montgomery	Montgomery	Alabama
	Mar.						
	Died						
* Buried at Lebanon Cemetery, LaFayette, Alabama							



THE JAMES O. SHARPE TRIBE

## THE J. E. LOW FAMILY



Martha and Bill Clough



Dr. Joe Edwin Low and wife, Anita



Jonathan and Beverly



Rachel



Home in Canyon, Texas  
1971



David

As we review the year, our thoughts turn to you friends and relatives who bountifully enrich our lives.

Edwin started the year in the hospital, had a laminectomy with great benefit, and went back to work. Neblett Clinic and Canyon have been good for him.

Anita kept her pledge to work with art (mainly copper enamels), writing, college students, and home.

A group of 10, of which we were part, toured Israel and Turkey in June, making the Bible and history more alive than ever. We have been unable to satisfy our reading appetite since coming home.

After a summer working for the Recreation Department in Amarillo, Jonathan married Beverly Saul in August and became father to Melissa and Tiffany (four and two). They are happily living in Louisville and he continues studying social work; she has the seminary wife's traditional two jobs.

Martha thinks teaching and taking English at the University of Houston was meant for her. Bill (Clough) is very happily photographing for The Houston Chronicle.

David worked at scout camp again this summer. He has just survived his first semester as a "fish" at Texas A&M and likes it very much. He is looking carefully at engineering.

Rachel did youth work in Peru this summer. Now she is ready for her final semester here at WT, which will consist mainly of practice teaching. She is wearing David Harmon's engagement ring, and plans to be married following graduation next May.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
Department of Physics

1960 March 14

John Calvin Sharpe  
Spring Lakes Playgrounds  
LaFayette R, 2, Alabama

Dear Cousin John:

It was good to hear from you about the Henry Sharpe side of the Sharpe family. I am indeed the grandson of John Sharp of Tampa, although I have never before seen the name spelled with an "e" on the end. He ran an important real estate office in Tampa in the early 1900's, and he did not have the "e" on his letterheads as I remember it, although I would have to look in my family files to make sure. I believe there is no doubt, however, that he is your grandfather's brother, because my mother cut out clippings and exchanged them with halfbrothers Gresham in Texas, about Uncle John, or was it Jack, who was the last survivor of the battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac.

I enclose the genealogical table of John Sharp's descendants. I believe it is complete and that the dates I have given are right within a couple of years. I believe my two boys and Preston Biglow, Jr., and Katherine Wheeler are his only great-grandchildren. If you are interested in more precise dates, I could spend a day sometime looking them up, as I have in my storage closet extensive files, letters and Bible-genealogies on the family in Tampa, from 1880 to 1930, which was about the time I left Tampa.

I would very much appreciate it if you could send me a genealogical table for the rest of the Sharpe clan, and any other written material you have prepared. I am especially interested in the Civil War and would like to know something about what the various Sharpes did in it. I don't know of anything very dramatic on the John Sharp side. Wheeler was in advertising in St. Petersburg I think; both Biglows, like their father, work for the government. The Platts were well-known in Tampa, and there is a Platt Street and a Platt Lake, where my Aunt Mattie Platt Robles still lives. I have a Platt cousin in N. C. and some Platt Turner cousins in St. Petersburg. My mother taught me at home and I finished Northwestern University at the age of 17 and got a Ph.D. at Michigan at 22, and have been a Professor of Physics here for 15 years. That's about all. Wish I could come see your reunion this summer, but doubt if I can make it.

Thanks again for writing.

Yours,

John R. Platt



## THE 1970 ANNUAL SHARPE REUNION

With a record-breaking attendance of 180, the Sharpe Family celebrated its twenty second annual Reunion the first week in July 1970. As we head into the year 1972, and the twenty-fourth Annual Reunion, we are showing a better than 100% gain over the first Reunion of 85 in the year of 1949, which is ample proof of the success of the project, not only in our own family, but in 75 other families who could boast of a like record as well. With many of these families having their beginning the same year as we did, it would be interesting to know the enumerable pages of history they would fill covering the last 24 years, not to mention the tons of delicious food and drinks we have enjoyed. As for me, I can say, as in the twenty-third Psalm, "My Cup Runneth Over."

Twelve states were represented at this annual gathering at Sharpe's Playground, near White Plains, Alabama. Groups enjoyed the various activities available, such as softball games, golf tournaments, and shuffleboard. Pictures were also made of the weekend's activities.

On Saturday night, a grilled steak supper was served following the invocation by Jack Sharpe. On Sunday, basket lunches were brought and spread on tables prepared for such occasions, with Engman Sorrell offering the invocation. Gifts were presented to J. C. Sharpe of White Plains, and M. H. Sharpe of Bushnell, Florida; the gifts were attractive photo albums. Compacts were presented to Mrs. Rufus Sharpe, Mrs. W. D. Sharpe, Mrs. J. W. Sharpe Sr., Mrs. M. H. Sharpe and Mrs. J. C. Sharpe. A guest register was also given, to be left at the playground. Mr. and Mrs. William Sharpe of Tallahassee, Florida, were in charge of the arrangements for the Reunion.

Those attending were as follows:

Miss Leila Mae Sharpe, Anniston, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Jim Farley, Birmingham, Ala.  
Mrs. Henrietta Acker & Mary Ann, Huntsville, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Sharpe, Arcadia, Fla.  
Mr. and Mrs. Alva Webb, Sr., and Linda of Gadsden, Ala.  
Maj. and Mrs. Bulord Sharpe, Ronnie, Debbie and Sherry of Scott Air Force Base, Ill.  
Mr. and Mrs. Bill White, Panama City, Fla.  
Jimmy Sharpe of Corona, Calif.  
Alva Webb, Jr., of Auburn, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Donnie Sharpe of Jackson, Miss.  
Mr. and Mrs. Bob Sharpe, Celeste and Lori, of Enterprise, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Russell Smith and Karen of Atlanta, Ga.  
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sharpe, Evergreen, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, Huguley, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ted Talley, Renee and Karen, Lanett, Ala.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sharpe, and Gary of LaGrange, Ga.  
Danny Langford, Milltown, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McCarley, LaFayette, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Casidy, Elaine and Judy, Deland, Fla.  
Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt Farrington, Heflin, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Docter and Jack, Jr., of Loris, S.C.  
Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Sharpe, Tara, Judy and Holly, of Burnsville, Minn.  
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Davis, Patsy and Brenda, Penton, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Sharpe, Cindy and Derek Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Dale Swain,  
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Swain and Peggy, of Bushnell, Fla.  
Mr. and Mrs. Dick Binger, Candy and Jill,  
Mr. and Mrs. Bill Sharpe and Jonny, and Miss Jane Strawbinger of Tallahassee, Fla.  
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sharpe and Donna Sue,  
Mr. and Mrs. Carland Odum, Gary and Jeffery,  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maio, Keth, Fay and Kim, of Andalusia, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Mac John,  
Mr. and Mrs. Danny Mithvin, Laura and Bill, of Crossville, Tenn.  
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Sharpe and Deana,  
Mr. and Mrs. Dug Sharpe,  
Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Sharpe, Joy, Kenneth and Lary, and  
Miss Judy Sellers of Opelika, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McCarthy, Sr., Bruce, Jr., Carla and Liza,  
Rev. and Mrs. Jack Sharpe, and Granddaughter, Stephanie Feek,  
Russell Letson, Jr.,  
Carl Ernest,  
Mr. and Mrs. Gary Lane, and Karen, of Langdale, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Sharpe,  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bell and Tia,  
Miss Debbie Foster, and  
Andy Sharpe of Tuskegee, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Pearson Fuller, Buddy and Bill, and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sharpe, LaFayette, Ala.  
Mr. and Mrs. Gerry Rodgers, Martha Jane, Jim and Gerry, Jr., and  
Fitz Fitzpatrick, of Montgomery, Ala.  
Roger Westfall,  
Mrs. George Wright, Chuck, Randy and Gary, of Hampton, Va.  
Mrs. Maxine Wheeler  
Mrs. Rufus Sharpe, and  
Miss Danice Wheeler, of Tampa, Fla.  
Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Waller and Susan,  
Miss Patty Carlton,  
Miss Donna Allen, and  
Miss Lynn Quinn, of Hawthorne, Fla.  
Mr. and Mrs. Engman Sorrell and Jeanne, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sharpe, of White Plains, Ala.  
Mrs. J. W. Sharpe, Sr.,  
Mr. and Mrs. Steve McCarthy,  
Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Sharpe, Jr.,  
Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Perryman,  
Miss Susan Lauderdale,  
Mr. and Mrs. Donnie Lauderdale and Chris,  
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lauderdale,  
Mr. and Mrs. Keth Sharpe and Beth,  
Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Sharpe, Wanda, Kaye and Traci,  
Mr. and Mrs. John Andreasen,  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Harris, Billy Nancy and Jenny of Shawmutt, Alabama.

## MEMBERS OF THE SHARPE FAMILY

and Connections

WHO SERVED IN THE ARMED FORCES

and in Positions in Government of this Country

Samuel Sharpe	Member of First Assembly of Virginia, 1619
J. F. Sharpe	Indian War, 1814-1817, 1836
William Daniel Sharpe	Battle of Horseshoe Bend, 1814
William Henry Sharpe	Civil War, Died 1863, Buried at Petersburg, Virginia
Andrew Jackson Sharpe	Civil War, In Battle of Monitor and Merrimac
George Sharpe	Civil War, Died in West Virginia, Blast Accident
Hiram T. Sharpe	Civil War, Drove Yankee team of oxen to Mississippi
William F. Abernathy	Civil War — A great-uncle
Webster H. Sharpe	Spanish American War
J. Calvin Sharpe	World War I, 1917-1919, 325th Infantry, 82nd Division, France
J. Milford Sharpe	World War II, Sergeant Major, Coast Guard, 28 years, Career
George Wright	World War II, Colonel, U. S. Army, Career
Emmett Farrington	World War II, Lieutenant
Vernon Sharpe	World War II
Donald Sharpe	World War II
Alva T. Webb	World War II
Monroe Sharpe	World War II
Buford Sharpe	World War II, Major, USAF, Career
Danny Methvin	World War II
Jasper Sharpe	World War II
Tommy Sharpe	World War II
Phillip Sharpe	World War II
William J. Sharpe	World War II
Dick Binger	World War II
Pearson Fuller	World War II
Bobby Perryman	World War II
Dudley C. Sharpe	World War II, Second Air Force
U. S. Grant Sharpe	World War II, Admiral, U. S. Navy
Winston Burt	World War II, Ft. Payne, Ala.
Ramon Burt	World War II, Ft. Payne, Ala.
Bob Sharpe	USAF
Harold Lauderdale	USAF
Donnie Lauderdale	USAF
Rusty Lauderdale	USAF
Frank Maio	Korean Conflict
John Andreason	USAF
Ricky Sharpe	USAF
Bruce McCarthy	USAF
John H. Sharpe	Attorney General, Texas — Son of Jack Sharpe
Archie D. Gray	President of Gulf Oil Company — Grandson of Jack Sharpe
Mitchell Sharpe	Member Canadian Parliament, 1969-1971
John Sharpe Williams	Senator from Mississippi
John Sharpe Williams, Jr.	President of Mississippi Chemical Company — Son of Mississippi Senator



Private John Calvin Sharpe  
1917

## MEMOIRS OF WORLD WAR I

### CAMP GORDON TO FRANCE AND RETURN

#### A Private's Eye View

My entire military experience could be divided into four time zones as far as my "Remember Whens" are concerned: first of all the things I learned and the people I met at Camp Gordon; second, my trip across the Atlantic to England and then to France; third, my experiences in combat; and fourth, my furlough and return home.

The 82nd Division was assembled, beginning August 25, 1917, at Camp Gordon (fourteen miles from Atlanta, Georgia), under the command of Major General Eben Swift, N. A. The Chief of Staff was Lieutenant Colonel Preston Brown. Over one-third of the majors, and all higher officers, were from the Regular Army. With a few exceptions, the remaining officers were graduates of the First Officers Training Camp at Fort McPherson, and came from Alabama, Georgia and Florida.

After a week of organizing the officers, the first draftees were received from Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee, together with a few non-commissioned officers from the 6th and 17th Infantry Regiments. After the first six weeks of training, the entire personnel of enlisted men were transformed to

Southern National Guard units, and we received in return a flood of replacements from Camps Devens, Dix, Upton, Lee and Meade. By November 1, 1917, 28,000 men had entered Camp Gordon, including the 157th Depot Brigade. Many of these men were of foreign birth, and could neither speak nor understand the common tongue. Many confessed enemy aliens were transferred to the Depot Brigade where special classes were set up for educational training.

In March, 1918, 5000 replacements came from Camps Dodge, Travis, Devens, Gordon and Upton, and the second-draft men from Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee. Over 1400 enemy aliens were discharged by War Department Order. On November 24, 1917, General Swift was ordered overseas, and Brigadier General James B. Erwin assumed command of the Division. General Erwin was transferred to command at Chickamauga Park on December 26, 1917, and Brigadier General William P. Burnham succeeded. General Burnham received his promotion to the rank of major general on April 12, 1918.



Men of the 82nd Division - Camp Gordon - Atlanta, Georgia - 1917

## ARMY LIFE AT CAMP GORDON

Two features of the early training during General Swift's command will always be remembered by the troops: the emphasis upon road marching, and organization singing.

The first week in March we were issued the 1917 Eddystone rifle. After a hard day's work of removing the heavy coating of grease from it, we had the privilege of hearing it crack for the first time, after a long road hike to the Divisional Rifle Range at Norcross, Georgia. We spent three days in camp, alternating from firing live ammunition from the parapet, to making targets in the pits, thus gaining the experience of lead flying over one's head.

A big part of our off-duty time was spent by the boys getting together at the YMCA, listening to talks by the Y men, writing home and talking to boys from other states. We even organized a Sunday School, and held prayer meetings in the barracks, believe it or not. When our Company was quaran-

tined against spinal meningitis for two weeks, the YMCA loaned us song books to use in the barracks at night. One night when we were having a prayer meeting up at one end of the barracks, some of the boys had a crap game going down at the other end. When our prayer meeting was over, I picked up a pocket Testament, walked down to where they were, opened the Testament and pushed it out on the floor where they were rolling dice. After a moment's hesitation, one of the boys slowly reached over and gently pulled it back. I picked it up and walked back to the other end of the barracks.

It was during this two weeks of quarantine in our barracks at 22nd Battalion that I had my first, and only, experience with boxing. The YMCA furnished the gloves to help pass off the time. I remember getting quite a thrill from the first few matches, but when I was matched with a big left-handed fellow, by the name of Red Rollins of Mobile, I



Mail from home - Camp Gordon - 1917



Private "Cal" at Camp Gordon - 1917





Watching a Ball Game at Camp Gordon - 1917

couldn't seem to learn to watch that left hand. After quite a scrap, I emerged with a skinned nose, and thereafter left boxing to the other fellow. These two weeks were also taken up by the study of the Private's first task in the Army, that of learning the General Orders. About all I remember is: "To walk my post in a military manner, observing everything within sight or hearing, and to repeat all orders more distance from the Guard House than my own. To allow no one to commit a nuisance on or near my post." And last, but not least, "To salute all officers," because if you didn't, you were certain to be jacked up by some "ninety-day wonder," and have to answer that most humiliating question, "How long have you been in the Army?" with your answer "Two weeks, sir," then followed the Gettysburg Address, and finally, "You may salute, and walk on."

One other item of which there was no shortage around Camp Gordon, was band music. When the band was not playing in camp, they were practicing in the woodlands for miles around the camp, and any hour in the day you could hear buglers blowing Reveille, Retreat and Taps. The woods were alive with buglers, and the birds didn't have a chance. Group singing was the life of all hikes out into the rural areas, and nothing I enjoyed better than those hikes out in the country, through the farm sections of Georgia, observing farmers clearing land, plowing the gardens, feeding chickens, milking cows and mending fences. All of this made me a little bit homesick, but at the same time helped to keep alive my fondest hopes, and enabled me to say "His yoke is easy, my burden is light."

Back in camp, we always found a ready welcome from old Dr. Dobbins, head Chaplain at the "Big YMCA" at the north end of the camp. He led the group singing for services on Sunday morning. Often he had nationally known leaders as guest speakers, such as Ma Sunday, a very forceful speaker and interesting lecturer. Her famous husband, the Rev. Billy Sunday, was then speaking at the Tabernacle in Atlanta, where I heard him the next Saturday, after obtaining a weekend pass to the Georgia city.

Some of the other famous men who visited the camp were ex-President Howard Taft, a very interesting character as well as speaker, especially his hearty laugh that shook him from head to foot. Also we had the privilege of hearing Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, a very small man, but with plenty of life. He inspected the Base Hospital when I was there for 21 days with the mumps.

Being in the hospital was considered a rare privilege, as well as rest from army routine. Since I had no pain, my appetite was good and the food was excellent, I enjoyed my stay there. This was in March, and the weather was warm and sunny. We had plenty of time to write, read and listen to good music from the old gramophone playing "In The Valley of the Moon." For the first time I had the privilege of playing a small portable organ at Sunday morning worship services conducted in our ward by our Chaplain. Time went by fast. My bed-fellow in the next cot was a railroad fireman from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and I remember that he didn't think Jack Dempsy would get very far in boxing, but he went on to the top later.

When I returned to the Company as being O. K., I found Higgins and Adcock working in trenches, building wood paneling for walls, almost making a playhouse.

Two other very important features of camp life were the Canteens, where the soldiers could buy many items such as tobacco and candies, along with many other things carried in stores. The other feature was the Parade Ground, where all of the soldiers in camp could be seen at one time. Many and various parades and drills were carried out; one command given by the Division Commander could be heard repeated by the Department Commanders all the way down to the Company Commanders. Our greatest parade, just before leaving camp for overseas, was our parade in Atlanta, where we were reviewed by Gov. Hugh Dorsey of Georgia. After hiking 14 miles on Friday, we camped in Grant Park for the night, paraded on Saturday through Atlanta, and camped that night at Emory University Park. A city hydrant was turned on, and we washed our feet in the water as it rushed down the gutter by the sidewalk, a wonderful tonic to our tired feet. On Monday, we hiked back to Camp Gordon, after a wonderful reception by the people of Atlanta.

Soon after Secretary of War Baker's inspection of the camp, his report of the 82nd Division was sufficiently favorable to make it the second National Army Division to leave the United States.

The Division Headquarters left Camp Gordon on April 10, 1918, for Camp Upton on Long Island, New York, the point selected for embarkation. Other units followed at the rate of two battalions per day. The Division Headquarters sailed from New York City on April 25, arriving in Liverpool on May 7, and proceeding by battalions to the Winchester area, where, after three days of rest and training, the 325th Infantry paraded in London on May 11, 1918.

## A RED-LETTER DAY IN LONDON, ENGLAND

"PARADE DAY" • MAY 11, 1918 • KING GEORGE

The lucky 325th Infantry, on passing through London enroute to the battlefields of France, were reviewed by the King of England in the presence of a large London crowd. This visit of the 325th Infantry is of special historical significance because it offered the English their first glimpse of the American New Army. It is, therefore, most interesting to preserve at length the picturesque comment of *The Times* of London.

The war has given London many scenes, some gay, some grave, but few have surpassed yesterday's, when three thousand soldiers of Republican America marched through the capital to parade before the Sovereign Ruler of the British Empire.

In brilliant sunshine between serried ranks of cheering citizens, these sturdy sons of the New World tramped to the throbbing call of the drums. Very workmanlike they looked carrying their full kit; very happy they looked as they took the salute of their own Ambassador in Grosvenor Square; very proud they were as they marched past the great white statue of Queen Victoria, and saw the King of England raise his hand to the Star Spangled Banner that symbolized their homeland.

It was a wonderful sight, that visible union of the two great English-speaking races. The King and his Queen with their Court stood at the Palace Gates; their subjects swarmed on every vantage point, and cheered; each with their racial characteristics, each united by one common aim, all impelled by call of the drum.

### The First Greeting

From early morning Londoners had waited to pay homage to the men from across the ocean, the "Sammies" as they familiarly called them; a name, by the way,

which, if I remember rightly, was first suggested by Mr. Paul Derrick in *The Sunday Times*. The first contingent arrived at Waterloo Station shortly before eight o'clock, and by half past nine the York Road approach was dense with a cheering crowd that gave the men their first intimation of the warmth of the greeting that awaited them.

With an admiring escort of civilians, they swung down the road to Wellington Barracks, where with the camaraderie that seems to be the birthright of the fighter, they were soon in laughing converse with British Tommies, many of whom were present wearing hospital blue. It was strange to stand in Birdcage Walk and see, behind the railings, not the familiar scarlet of the Guards of pre-war days, not the flat-topped cap and close-belted khaki dress of wartime, but the somewhat exotic-looking head-dress and canvas leggings that one had usually seen before only on the film.

Tall they were, clean-shaven, almost to a man; and their speech betrayed them. Yet even among themselves it was not difficult to pick out the slow Southern drawl from the clipped speech of the Yankee, while the distinctive profile of the North American Indian was the hallmark of many faces.

Every state in the Union had its representative, for these were not men of the Regular Army, such as had come across twelve months ago with General Pershing; they were the vanguard of the New Army, that almost numberless force which America was raising to crush forever the evil spirit of Prussian militarism.

### The Heart of London

Suddenly as we stood chatting, exchanging ideas and the inevitable souvenirs, the bugle called out a shrill and clear "Attention." A few moments of waiting as the hands took up positions, the Americans' own band at the head of the long column, the drums and pipes of the Scots Guards to lead the second battalion, the band of the Irish Guards and the drums and fifes of the Grenadiers with the third battalion, and then the procession swept through the gates to the long-rolling accompaniment of deep-throated British cheers.

London in springtime, especially in the Park, is very beautiful; and so thought many of our visitors yesterday, judging by their faces as they gazed from the enthusiastic spectators to the cloud-flecked blue sky, the tender greenery of the trees, the lilacs and bluebells and nodding narcissi. So they marched to the Horse Guards, past the Salamanca Gun beneath the historic

## KING GEORGE'S LETTER OF WELCOME TO THE AMERICANS TO LONDON

*Soldiers of the United States, the people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the Armies of many nations now fighting in the old world the great battles for human freedom. The Allies will gain new heart and spirit in your company. I wish I could shake the hand of each one of you, and bid you Godspeed on your mission.*

*George R. I.*

*May, 1918.*

window, whence an English King stepped to the scaffold, and on to the War Office. Here the crowd was even more dense and more enthusiastic, for on the balcony stood England's Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Eric Geddes, Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, and other famous men; and above their heads fluttered "Old Glory." Thence through Clubland and Piccadilly and on to the one bit of American soil in London, the Embassy in Grosvenor Gardens.

### **A Veteran's Pride**

Here stood Dr. Page, hat in hand, with Vice-Admiral Sims on the one side, and General Slocum on the other. "Eyes Right" ran the order down the line, and the strains of "John Brown's Body" were well-nigh drowned in the roar of cheers that seemed never-ending. One little incident here was worth much to a handful of old men who marched gallantly beneath a banner inscribed: "Not for ourselves, but for our Country." They were veterans of the Civil War, and as they came abreast of the trio on the Embassy steps, all America, as symbolized by those three men, paid them homage.

And the white-haired veterans who brought up the rear, pluckily marching on by sheer will power, each put new vigor into his step and carried his miniature Stars and Stripes even more proudly.

As the column neared the Palace the crowd grew thicker. Army Khaki, Naval serge, hospital blue and civilian drab, all mingled with light and airy feminine frocks, and cheered the marching men.

The Victoria Memorial was surrounded many ranks deep with a loyal throng that waited patiently for the coming of the King. At first they feared he might watch the parade from inside the forecourt, but shortly before the Americans were due, a Guard of Honour of the Grenadiers, accompanied by the band, and carrying the Colours, took up a position facing the main gates.

### **The Royal Party**

And then the King was seen, walking across the forecourt and accompanied by Queen Mary and the Queen Mother. His Majesty wore a Field Marshal's uniform, as did the Duke of Connaught. There were also present in the Royal Party Princess Beatrice, Prince Arthur of Connaught, in military uniform, Princess Alexandra of Connaught, the little son of the Prince and Princess, and the various ladies and gentlemen of the respective suites. These included Countess Fortescue, Sir Charles Cust, R.N., Sir Derek Keppel, Mr. Charles Fitzwilliam, the Earl of Pembroke, Lieutenant General Sir Francis Lloyd, Commanding the London District, Sir Arthur Davidson, Sir Henry Streat-

field, the Honorable Henry Sten-  
cr, the Honorable Charlotte  
Knollys, General the Right Hon-  
orable Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C.,  
and Sir Malcolm Murry.

As they waited for the parade, the King chatted animatedly with General John Biddle, in command of the American troops, who presented to him a number of staff officers.

A number of specially invited guests were present also. These included Lord Francis Scott, a wounded officer, Lord Wimborne (who had just previously been received by the King on surrendering the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), representatives of the Diplomatic Corps, and a number of wounded officers.

The steady roll of distant cheering grew louder, and soon the head of the column was seen approaching. The gates of the forecourt were thrown open, and, to the frantic delight of the hundreds of fortunate spectators in the vicinity, the King and Queen and their entourage stepped out into the roadway to greet the American contingent.

### **Symbol of Unity**

With a swing and a clash and a roar of cheering they marched up, steadily tramping onward, the manhood of the free Republic saluting the ruler of the free Empire, and receiving in return the salute

of the King and Emperor. Londoners have witnessed many pageants on this historic spot; they have watched the incomings and outgoings of foreign sovereigns, the gorgeous pageants of crownings, and the stately trappings of death; but yesterday's setting was something even greater than these. It was a symbol of unity, of the final healing of an old and well-nigh-forgotten wound.

And that instinctive courtesy which is ever present with English Royalty, was noticeable as the King beckoned Colonel Whitman, commanding the Regiment, to break away from the column and take up his position beside him, while his men marched past.

#### King and Officers

As the Commanding Officer of each battalion reached the saluting point, he, too, broke away, and was presented to the King, who shook hands with each of them. They were Lieutenant Colo-

nel Wagner, Major Peiree, Major Hawkins and Captain Batty. The Americans marched somewhat more stiffly than our own lads, but exceedingly well, and made not only a very excellent show, but a very good impression on all observers.

The King warmly complimented General Biddle and Colonel Whitman on the general bearing of the troops, and told them how very pleased he was to see so fine a sample of the forces which America is sending to aid the Allied cause.

And so the Americans saw the King. As they marched back to barracks, they were full of the glamour of it all. Officers and men alike were delighted with the cordiality of their reception and spoke enthusiastically of the Londoners who had received them so handsomely. Nor was it only Londoners that greeted their American

cousins in the presence of the King. Men from almost every part of the Empire were there, and representatives of all the Allies. One saw the slouch hat of the Australian and the Baden-Powell of the New Zealander; the gorgeous turban of an Indian officer and the Kepi of a French infantryman; the tasselled cap of a Belgian, and the flowing cape of an Italian. And gorgeous in their scarlet and gold uniforms, with bayonets glinting in the sunlight, their imperishable colours drooping in the still air, the Guard of Honour of the Grenadier Guards reminded us of the pageants that were in the days before the war. Thus England greeted America, and America, realizing more than ever the meaning of cousinship, will send many more such troops as these we saw here yesterday, to fight for freedom and justice and peace, and trinity that holds them fast, forever more.

## A KING FOR A DAY

What can you see and do in a one-day trip to the great City of London?

1. See the City itself, and the immense area that it covers.
2. Parade before the King, with the proud feeling of being an American.
3. View Buckingham Palace for the first time, with its masses of interesting people.
4. Witness the Changing of the King's Guards, with their "snappy" performance.
5. Walk across the famous London Bridge, with a grand view of the Parliament Building, Big Ben in Westminster clock tower (installed in 1856, weight 13½ tons), and the Thames River, with its hundreds of motor and excursion boats of every size and color.
6. Visit the famous Westminster Abbey, with its historical background.
7. And last, but not least of the "Seven Wonders of London," being honored with a sumptuous banquet, given by the King's Guards at Wellington Barracks, Headquarters of the King's Guards. For refreshments, each member of the 325th Regiment was issued a small brown jug of beer; but since I was not a beer drinker, some of my buddies got that; same way with my Bull Durham and someone always had a chocolate bar to swap with me. So, was it a *King for a Day*, or was it a *Daniel for a Day*?



## ON THE SOMME AND LAGNY SECTORS 1918

After spending one grand day in London, and being treated so nicely by so many, it will be long remembered as a mountaintop experience of my military service. Coming as it did, when we could look across the English Channel, everyone knew there were valley experiences ahead of us, since there is no other way from a mountaintop except down. Within our choosing, we came down, determined to make the best of it.

Taking the train in London, we headed south to Winchester where we (the 325th Infantry) rejoined the 82nd Division. Detraining, we had a two-mile hike with full packs, on a very warm 11th day in May, and being the evening following the long parade in London, the two miles was one mile too many. Also, it had only been two days since the two weeks' boat trip and seasickness, which left everybody a little below par. To add insult to injury, we had just learned the hard way, that the English pass to the left, and we had almost been run over by everything and everyone we met.

After getting a good night's sleep, and rest the next day, which was Sunday, we spent some time at the YMCA writing.

Early Monday morning we entrained for Southampton through Birmingham, England, which we found, too, quite a city. Reaching Southampton late in the evening, we took a boat for night crossing of the channel. Packed in the boat like sardines, it was bound to be one of the most sociable boats I'd ever been on. Everybody was so close together. To avoid confusion, nobody was allowed to remove his pack. Some of the boys said, "Should the boat be torpedoed on the way across, don't worry about sinking. We're all hooked together with our pack straps and belt buckles."

On arrival in France on May 16, the 82nd Division Headquarters opened in Escarbotin, France on the Somme and Lagny sectors. The troops were held at LeHarve only long enough to exchange U. S. 1917 rifles for British rifles, and receive helmets and gas masks, when they proceeded by rail to the British training area adjoining Escarbotin. All units were billeted over a considerable area, comprising numerous villages west of Abbeville. Our troops started upon an intensive program of training under the supervision of the 66th British Division, Major General Bethel commanding.

The Infantry was completely equipped with Lewis automatic rifles, and the machine gun units with Vickers machine guns. The 37 mm. and 3 inch Stokes mortar platoons received their weapons and other materials. British horse-transport was issued to all battalions.

Other American divisions swiftly followed to the various training areas behind the British front, until ten American divisions were assembled in British support. Many of our officers, as well as non-commissioned officers, attended schools. A British demonstration platoon illustrated the British idea of bayonet fighting, the attack, ceremonies, close order drill and physical training games. The countryside echoed savage shouts of "In-Out-On Guard." Our troops assimilated those features which appealed to them, especially the games and method of bayonet fighting, and applied themselves to mastering the Lee-Enfield rifle, the Lewis automatic rifle and the Vickers machine gun.

On May 28, 1918, the Division was inspected by Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, who talked at length with many company commanders, and concluded with an inspection of company kitchens. On May 30, the Division was informally inspected by General John J. Pershing, and the troops were required to demonstrate various features of their training.

The battalions were moved each week to a different town in the area, to afford practice in road marches, and to test the possibilities of their new transport.

Early in June, details of officers and non-commissioned officers were guests of British front-line units in the new trenches before Albert and Amiens, where the lines were becoming newly established after the upheaval which followed the successful enemy offensive of March 21, 1918. It was during one of these tours of duty that Captain Jewett Williams, 326th Infantry, was killed, June 9, 1918, the first casualty in action from the 82nd Division. It was generally assumed by both British and American officers that the American battalions were to be attached immediately to British brigades, and share the honors and burdens of redeeming the lost battlefields of Picardy. This assumption was suddenly overturned by an order entraining the Division for a destination near Toul. The Lee-Enfield



rifles to which the troops had just become accustomed, and the Lewis automatic rifles and Vickers machine guns, were turned back to the British, and the U. S. 1917 Eddystone rifles were reissued. The train movement began June 16, 1918, and lasted two full days.

The Division occupied towns and villages north of Toul, and once again addressed itself to the

task of obtaining and mastering new weapons.

The Infantry received Chauchot automatic rifles, and machine gun companies were equipped with the French 8 mm. Hotchkiss machine guns. At this time all units of the Division, except the 157th Field Artillery Brigade, joined the command. The artillery, however, remained in training at LaCourtine, France.

## SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE WITH THE A. E. F.

Dear Mother —

I wonder how you are by this time, this is the first time I've had a chance to write, I lost all my stationery that I brought with me and haven't been able to get any along the way. I am feeling all right at present, I think this is a great country. I was a little sick on the ship of course but I soon got over it, we made the whole trip (nearly two weeks) without seeing a single submarine, but you can believe me, we were some glad bunch when we began to see land again, but it was a great trip.

This has been a nice warm day, have just come back from a good little hike, to the beach where we had a real swim in the English Channel. It was the first time I've had a swim since I went to Wilsons pond last summer.

The French are real good people, but I haven't been able to talk to them yet. I think I would soon learn if we stay here very long, their smiles and friendly gestures make us feel we are always welcome. They are great grain and truck growers, and have some of the finest, and fattest cows I have ever seen. It made me think of old times people, when I saw an old lady in the back yard carding wool. Sunday May 19, I didn't have time to finish my letter yesterday, and have no light at night. I have just finished supper or chow call, though the sun is several hours high yet, we eat supper while you are eating dinner, we are about six hours ahead of you.

I am lying on a blanket in the door of my little tent in a large apple orchard, It surely is a sight to see all the trees are in bloom, they bloom later here than they do at home. Its wonderful how fast the grass grows here. This orchard has only three acres in it, and they a dozen cows in it as fat as they could possibly be. I see the french girl coming out here to milk, I think I will go out and help her milk, maybe she will give me a drink of milk, as I got one last night. Some times she comes out to milk in the morning before we get up. It amuses me to see the women driving their carts around over town drawn by large dogs, the dogs seem to like their jobs.

The village church bell chimes make me feel like I'm in a strange country. I am learning to talk French a little more every day now. I can go into a French store now and buy anything I want, and count both French and English money. Will close for this time tell them all to write, Your Son

J. Cal

P. S. This letter was written Sunday, May 19, 1918, 53 years ago by John C. Sharpe to his Mother in the U. S. A. while in camp on the English Channel, France.

## FACE TO FACE WITH THE GERMAN

Orders were received to relieve the 26th U. S. Division, then occupying that part of Woevre Front known as the Lagney Sector. Reconnaissance was made by the battalion and company commanders of the battalions selected to be the first in contact with the enemy. These units were the 2nd Battalion, 325th Infantry (Major Hawkins), 1st Battalion, 326th Battalion, 326th Infantry (Major Wells), 3rd Battalion, 327th Infantry (Major Hill), and 2nd Battalion, 328th Infantry (Major Buxton). One battalion from each of the four infantry regiments was to occupy the front lines or outpost zone, with one battalion each in support, and the 3rd battalion in reserve. Relief began on the night of June 25th, 1918. All the machine gunners of the Division, together with selected Chauchot riflemen and the 37 mm. platoons, were temporarily detached from the Division, and sent to Automatic Arms School at Bois L'Evêque between Toul and Nancy. Here they received a course in training from French officers. The regimental machine gun companies joined the front-line infantry battalions on July 5, and the machine gun battalions on July 14. The positions of the artillery of the 26th Division were taken over by the French Artillery, and a limited number of French machine guns joined the front-line battalions. The Division held the left flank of the French 32nd Corps, French 8th Army. The left battalion (328th) of the Division was in liaison with the right battalion of the French 2nd Army. The American unit at once discovered that, while the outpost battalions of the 8th Army were ordered to hold in case of attack until the last man, the outpost battalions of the 2nd Army were to withdraw into the zone of resistance, a depth of about 5 kilos. This fact was brought to the attention of the 8th Army, and resulted in a correspondence between the 8th and 2nd Army that was still active when the 82nd Division left the sector six weeks later.

During the days and nights of life in the Lagney Sector, the intensive military education of the Division progressed in marked fashion, and the men soon accustomed themselves to the details of existence in trench warfare. Patrolling, from the outset, was conducted in an aggressive manner, and the Division not only maintained an ownership of No-Man's Land, but penetrated deeply into the enemy's positions on numerous occasions. Several of these forays without artillery help resulted in collisions, during the course of which numerous casualties were inflicted upon the enemy, and some losses were suffered in return.

The battalions in support and reserve were able

to accomplish some important training work with automatic rifles, rifle and hand grenades, and finally to hold exercises in the combined use of all infantry weapons on a firing range.

Contemplated maneuvers were prevented by orders from the 8th French Army, requiring the 82nd Division to construct an entirely new defensive system of trenches, especially in the zone of resistance. The outpost battalions were compelled to cover battalion fronts extending from 4,000 to 5,500 meters. This was done by arranging combat groups echeloned in diamond formation. The support and reserve battalions were also echeloned in great depth. Concrete pill boxes were constructed, new camouflage erected, roads built to the front, and additional bands of wiring provided. The Division was cautioned to be ready to repulse a serious attack, and working parties consisting of entire reserve battalions, worked nightly in a vain endeavor to have all complete on August 5, 1918, the date set by the 8th Army.

On August 4, 1918, Company K and Company M, 326th Infantry (Major Watkins), conducted a trench raid with artillery assistance against a section of the German position immediately in front of that regiment. The officers and men had been carefully trained for this operation by French officers, upon similar works erected in a rear area. The raiding personnel performed this enterprise in a very commendable fashion, penetrating 600 meters into enemy territory, killing about a platoon of the enemy, and taking three machine guns, numerous rifles, pistols and other equipment. During the raid, one American was killed and four wounded. When everyone had returned to the protection of the American trenches, German artillery fire, heretofore silent, opened vigorously, and two bays filled with men were hit. Altogether, 17 men were killed and 15 wounded by two shells. A Division order was published to the command on August 8, 1918, citing the troops participating in this operation for their gallantry and soldierly conduct. This raid was supported by the 320th Machine Gun Battalion with overhead fire.

The first week of August was marked by a noticeable increase in the activity on both sides. Artillery fire became more general, and German airplane operations became very active, bombing and firing machine guns at combat groups and command posts, attacking observation balloons and engaging our pursuit planes with more numerous fighting planes.

On August 3, 1918, the 30th Engineers effected a gas projector attack of 7½ tons of various gases, and it was later ascertained from enemy sources that it caused many German casualties. This projector attack provoked enemy retaliation with a severe bombardment of mustard gas shells on the night of August 7, while a relief of the 82nd Division was in progress. All front line infantry battalions of the 82nd Division had been withdrawn, and this Division suffered no gas casualties except among the front line machine gun units, which has 17 casualties.

The 89th Division suffered very heavy casualties.

The total casualties in the 82nd Division during its occupancy of the Lagny Sector were 22 officers and 352 men, including those killed, wounded and gassed.

The relief of the 89th Division was completed on August 10, 1918, and the 82nd Division moved by marching and riding on a 60-centimeter railroad to an area west of Toul, with HDQ at Blenod-les-Toul.

## MARBACHE SECTOR AND ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE

Orders were received August 10, 1918, assigning the Division to the American 3rd Army Corps, with further directions to join at once on the Marne salient. Within 24 hours this order was revoked, and the Division was directed to undertake a course of training in the area where then billeted.

After training two days, the Division was assigned to the 4th American Corps for administration and the 8th French Army for tactical control. Concurrently, the Division was ordered to relieve the American 2nd Division in the Marbache Sector. The relief began August 15, 1918, and was completed in two days. On August 20, the 82nd Division was transferred to the command of the American 1st Corps, which became part of the American First Army, August 30, 1918.

The Division pursued the same methods of relief by battalions within the regiments as followed in the Lagny Sector. The 125th French Division was on the right of the 82nd Division, and the 1st American Division on the left for the first week after the arrival of the 82nd Division, when the 90th U. S. Division relieved the 1st Division.

The Marbache Sector lay astride the beautiful Moselle Valley, and included just within its front lines the considerable city of Pont-a-Mousson. The sector had been known after the first year of war as a rest section for both the French and German divisions. Such was still the status of the sector when taken over by the 82nd Division, but during the last of August, a marked change was evident. Considerable artillery activity developed, and the enemy was exceedingly aggressive in the air. Patrolling and small ambushades featured the infantry activity of both belligerents.

The 157th Field Artillery Brigade had joined the 82nd Division just as the Division was entering this sector. It had received its entire equipment and subsequent training at La-Courtière, where it had been stationed since its arrival in France on June 3, 1918. The advent of this Brigade was most gratifying to the Infantry, which was quick to perceive the advantage of artillery support controlled by officers imbued with personal relations during the months at Camp Gordon.

An event took place on August 29, 1918, in the 325th Infantry, which remained a mystery until long after the Armistice. Lieutenants Wallace and Williams went out on a daylight reconnaissance with Corporals Slavin and Sullivan of Company 1, 325th Infantry. This little patrol left Dombasle Chateau and never returned. When American prisoners were released after the Armistice, Corporal Slavin came back to the regiment. The party had passed across the Sielle River and through No-Man's Land to the German wire. On their way back they were ambushed, and all the party killed except Corporal Slavin.

A few days before the St. Mihiel offensive of September 12, 1918, it was common knowledge that some major operation was impending, and this assumption carried a most stimulating result throughout the Command. For a week before the offensive, civilians were evacuated from the advanced areas. The tentative plan of attack of the 1st Army Corps, published September 6, stated the mission of the 82nd Division. The Division, from its position on the right flank of both Corps and Army, was given "for its special mission the exerting of pressure on, and maintaining contact with,

the enemy." It was further stated that no attack was expected from the Division.

In full performance of this mission, all infantry regiments of the Division pushed to the front strong daylight patrols on the first day of the drive, September 12, 1918. These combat groups gained close contact with the enemy, driving in his outpost, and obtaining definite information concerning the location of his supporting troops. This was not accomplished without considerable casualties among the officers and men of the combat platoons. One of the combat groups from the 327th Infantry, on arriving at the Bel-Air Farm, was counterattacked by a strong German force, and compelled to withdraw to our own trenches. The retirement was covered by a platoon of D Company, 321st Machine Gun Battalion, under 2nd Lieutenant Robert Goodall. The cool and efficient manner in which this detachment handled its guns was worthy of special commendation.

On September 12, three platoons from F Company, 328th Infantry (Captain Foreman), the most advanced unit, were pushed forward on the west bank of the Moselle to ascertain whether or not the German lines had been withdrawn. Lieutenant Cox, with his platoon, forced an entrance into the Maison Gauthier, a well-known strong point, which covered the southern approach to the town of Norroy. This formidable position was located about one kilo north of our front trench. The patrol forced its way through the enemy wire and drove the German occupants out of the southern trenches and dugouts.

Lieutenant Harrison led his platoon further to the west against the outer defenses of Norroy. Lieutenant Gould, with his platoon, attacked the left flank of the battalion sector. All three platoons met with heavy fire and numerous casualties, but demonstrated the presence of substantial enemy forces in the long-established German positions.

After gallantly performing his mission, Lieutenant Charles Harrison was killed while withdrawing his platoon. The patrols from the 325th Infantry succeeded in reaching Epfy. The 326th Infantry patrols operated in Bois-de-la-Tete d'Or, west of Bois-de-la-Voivrotte.

The soldierly manner in which these combat reconnaissance missions were executed elicited the following telegram from Commanding General, 1st Corps, to the Commanding General, 82nd Division: "Please convey to the officers and men of your Division my appreciation of the difficult part they had to perform in the highly successful operation of the 1st Corps today. This part they performed to full satisfaction."

Throughout the St. Mihiel operations, the 163rd Infantry Brigade was supported by the 320th

Machine Gun Battalion (Captain Muldrow), and the 321st Machine Gun Battalion (Major More) shared the experiences of the 164th Infantry Brigade.

It was known that, prior to this offensive, the enemy order of battle in this sector from west to east was the 255th Division, the 84th Landwehr Brigade and the 31st Landwehr Brigade. Corps Headquarters, wishing to ascertain whether the enemy had added other units in preparation for a counterattack, directed that a strong raid with artillery assistance be made against the German strong point, Bel-Air Farm, just east of the Moselle. In compliance with this order, Companies E and K, 327th Infantry (Captain Welch), advanced against Bel-Air Farm and Bois-de-la-Tete d'Or adjoining, at 18 hours, September 13, 1918. A smoke screen was thrown down in front of the objective, and the Division Artillery laid a barrage on the enemy position. One prisoner was taken, from whom was obtained a confirmation of the enemy order of battle. In addition, a light machine gun was captured, and several of the enemy killed. The German Artillery countered by laying a heavy fire upon our Infantry during the entire period of the raid, and until the return to our own trenches. The steadiness with which this fire was supported indicated a high order of discipline and morale. During our withdrawal, the enemy attempted an infantry counter-attack from the woods east of the farm. This effort was broken down by the fire of Company B, 321st Machine Gun Battalion (Captain Cunningham).

#### Statistics

Marbach Sector — Aug. 17 to Sept. 10, 1918

Killed .....	11 enlisted men
Wounded .....	56 enlisted men and 4 officers

St. Mihiel Battle — Sept. 11 to Sept. 20, 1918  
82nd Division

Killed .....	4 officers, 74 enlisted men
Wounded .....	38 officers, 819 enlisted men

Casualties in Mense — Argonne Offensive  
Sept. 24 to Nov. 1, 1918 — 82nd Division

	Officers	Enlisted Men
Killed in action or died of wounds .....	37	865
Known Prisoners .....	7	178
Missing .....	0	25
Wounded, including gassed .....	171	4726
Total .....	215	5794

Twenty-nine combat divisions took part in the Meuse-Argonne Battle in the 47 days from September 24 to November 11, 1918.

## NEAREST THE GREAT BEYOND AT PONT-O-MOUSSON

Although the Battle of the Argonne Forest was the greatest and most extensive offensive I took part in during World War I, my closest call was at the Battle of St. Michiels, on the night of August 23, 1918. We were billeted in a wooded area near the ancient fortress of Pont-O-Mousson, whose twelve-foot-thick walls showed many scars from the struggles of the past. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, my company, Company F, 325th Infantry, 82nd Division, was lined up by Captain Flournoy, and briefed on the order from General Pershing to form a raiding party to probe the enemy lines guarding the city of Metz, where a German officer training camp was located.

Just to show the human side of even the serious business of war, our Captain, who was a very reasonable man, as he lined up the Company, asked if there was anyone in the Company who did not feel like going on this raid; and if so, to take two paces backward and state his reason. Only one man in the entire Company stepped back, with the remark, "I just don't feel like going, Sir," and he was excused. The letters and numbers of our company, regiment and division were scratched from our identifications tags. In case we were killed or captured in enemy territory, there wouldn't be any evidence available to the enemy. All personal letters and belongings were left with someone at company headquarters. I was lucky to have a good friend to leave my personal belongings with—one Brooksy Higgins from Five Points, who was the Captain's orderly, and wasn't required to go on such raids.

As the Top Sergeant dismissed the Company, it was with mixed feelings and very little joking that we lined up in a forest in France at the field kitchen, a little earlier than usual for evening chow. Having orders to go into enemy trenches and bring back live prisoners for questioning meant a real fight, and the danger of the undertaking, not to mention the fact that it was our first time to meet the enemy face to face, dealt us feelings we had never experienced before. It might be the last meal for some (and it was). None of our leaders had mentioned "prayer" in our briefing, but I dare say it was on the minds of most of us.

I hadn't forgotten the briefing from Uncle Henry Davis one Wednesday night at Prayer Meeting at White Plains, during the summer of 1917. The subject of the meeting being "Faith in God," he had pointed his long finger at me, and had raised his voice saying, "If you have faith, God will turn that bullet." In my humble way, I believed it, and have never had the slightest doubt, but that that is what

happened that night in France, and many times since then, but not always a bullet.

I was a member of an automatic rifle squad which carried two such rifles. I carried No. 1, and the other was carried by Richard A. Boyette of Texas. Other members of the squad carried ammunition and revolvers. Leaving the woods about sundown, we single-filed through long, muddy, zig-zag trenches built by the French, which they had occupied for three years, with duck-walks in the bottom built of short boards, much of them rotting and broken, causing much falling down into the mud. Troop movements to the front were slowed, and after one-half mile of such stumbling, with packs, most of us were worn out. Many of the boys gave this as the reason the lines had been stationary for so long. Neither the French nor Germans were able to fight after they reached the front. So the Americans decided to run the Germans further off, so as not to have to come back through the trenches. Such remarks often boosted their morale.

After finally reaching the front-line trenches, we passed through company after company of men on post, that we had trained with back in Camp Gordon, Georgia. But conversation was held to a whisper, and even the lighting of a cigarette was forbidden. The moon had begun to rise through the hazy clouds to the East, and silent signal lights consisting of roman-candle-like balls of fire colored yellow, red, blue and white, began pouring high into the air from the enemy lines, heralding anything but good news to all who might attempt to trespass. The fact that they were understood only by Jerry himself gave us the first feeling that we were facing a hostile foe.

As we quietly approached the wire entanglements that were to be rolled back, exposing "No-Man's Land," the stillness of the night was broken only by the squawking of a night bird that came down from the vicinity of the little Mozelle River, which we were to cross about halfway between the two lines, a distance of some four-hundred yards. My squad was in the center of a deployed line of three squads, led by Sergeant Pap DeMentry, with Captain Flournoy leading the left end of the line, and Lieutenant Whipple on the right. Crouching low through the high grass near the river, the moon began to cast a little light in our faces, which made us realize (much to our discomfort) that we were ideal targets for the Germans, should they take up positions near the bridge on the dark side of the river in front of us (and they had). Not knowing of their closeness, however, we trudged on near the bridge,



a little more out into the open. At this point the Germans suddenly opened fire on the center of our line, and before we could drop to firing position, it seemed that the entire element surrounding us was full of hand-grenades, rifle and machine-gun bullets, cutting down our Sergeant and Lieutenant, who were directly in front of me. Nearly every man in our squad, including several more on each side of me, were cut down by the rapid fire of the enemy. The very first thing I knew, my fingers were numbed when my automatic rifle was knocked out of my hand, and a hail of bullets and shrapnel played a tune around my knees and ankles. This left me in a most uncomfortable position, unable to drop to the ground for cover, as the Germans were holding their fire close to the ground, assuming everyone to be in a prone position. As Lieutenant Whipple rolled in the grass badly wounded, he yelled to Captain Flournoy, "Here they are on the right!" but by this time, most of the damage had already been done, and the Germans retreated across the river to their lines, with Captain Flournoy and his squad firing at their heels with sawed-off shotguns loaded with buckshot.

It all happened so suddenly, no one in the center of the line had time to do anything about it. In all, 13 were badly wounded on each side of me. The rifle I was carrying in front of me, in a crouched position, was hit between my left and right hands which were about a foot apart, knocking a plug from the barrel

about three inches long near the breech, miraculously stopping the impact of the bullet that otherwise could hardly have missed me. My buddies were rolling in the grass, bleeding and screaming with pain, but still our first baptism of fire was not over yet. Although the German raiding party had retreated in front of us, their machine guns were firing at us from their lines some 200 yards up the hill to the east. At the same time our own machine guns from our lines behind us, which were supposed to cover us over our heads, were firing too low, through us. It was some time (it seemed like forever) before we could get them to raise their fire, while we were trying to get the wounded to safer ground.

Some idea of the intense suffering of the boys who were wounded, was shown by Sergeant Pap, as he was known to the Company. As we tried to raise him off the ground, he repeatedly asked to be relieved of his suffering with another shot. I was asked to help carry Corporal Hinderhot of Indiana off the field, his body being riddled with bullets. Two of us lugged him without any stretcher, about one-half mile to the first aid station, but he was dead long before we arrived, and we were as bloody as he was. Even our underwear was drenched with blood. When we reached the Company, some of the officers thought we might be dead and not know it, so we were examined from head to foot and issued a change of clothing.



1 2 3 4 5 6

Chow Time in LeMans, France - 1918 - Fluffy Mahoffy always first in line

1. Mahoffy - KP
2. Alabam Newman
3. Smith - Cook
- 4.
5. Dressel - Mess Sgt.
6. Pruett (South Carolina)



## 325TH INFANTRY AT CORNAY

### MY OWN REGIMENT

Commanded by Colonel Whitman

October, 1918

The attack of October 10, 1918, was made in the Division Sector by the 325th Infantry (Colonel Whitman), and the 328th Infantry (Colonel McArther). For the time being the 325th Infantry was placed in the 164th Infantry Brigade, and the 328th Infantry was transferred to the 163rd Infantry Brigade. The 325th Infantry had, up to this point, been held in reserve, and was therefore at full strength. Its men were relatively in much better physical condition than the two regiments which had been engaged continuously for three desperate days.

On October 6, Colonel Whitman had made a reconnaissance in the vicinity of LaForge, opposite Chatel-Chehery, under the supposition that he would assault at that point the following morning. Plans were changed, however, and on the night of the 7th, the 325th Infantry moved from the camp west of Varennes to the Valley of Charpentry. The march was the usual night maneuver in a rainstorm, on overcrowded roads, and under some shellfire. The regiment sat in the mud for the balance of the night and during all of October 8. Early on October 9, the 325th was moved west across the Aire River to the vicinity of Chene Tondeu.

At 18 hours on October 9, Colonel Whitman was directed to report to the P. C. of the 164th Infantry Brigade at Chatel-Chenery. General Lindsey prepared a Brigade order for the attack on the following morning. By 04 hours on October 10, the 325th Infantry had moved up from Chene Tondeu and was ready to relieve the two Infantry regiments in accordance with the order prescribed. The 2nd Battalion (Major Hawkins) was in rear of Hill 180; the 1st Battalion (Major Lott) was in rear of the 328th Infantry along the Decauville railroad, and the 3rd Battalion (Major Pierce) was in rear of Hill 223 as support.

B and C Companies constituted the assaulting waves in the 1st Battalion, E and F Companies in the 2nd Battalion. The 321st Machine Gun Battalion was at this time concentrated at the following points: Companies B and D near Hill 244, Company C at Hill 223, and Company A on Hill 180. From these positions they assisted in the infantry attack. H-hour was advanced to 07 hours, October 10. Although furious resistance had been anticipated, the 325th Infantry advanced on approximately a two-kilometer front without substantial opposition. Cornay and Champrocker were shortly occupied,

and the 1st and 2nd Battalions pushed strong groups forward as far north as Martincourt Farm, and the Aire River. A few casualties had been inflicted by enemy shellfire and an occasional sniper. About forty prisoners were taken from Cornay and the western ridge. Captain Brown, 327th Infantry, and several other wounded men belonging to the 327th Infantry, were recovered in the vicinity of Cornay and Martincourt Farm. The enemy counterattack of the previous afternoon proved to have been his final effort, and during the night October 9-10, he withdrew his forces to the heights north of the Aire.

On October 11, 1918, the 325th Infantry found itself at 06 hours on the Fleville-St. Juvin Road, hastening to get in position on the St. Juvin-Sommerance Road. Colonel Whitman, Captain Wright, his adjutant, and Major Pierce were at the head of the column consisting of Companies M, I and L, and the Regiment Machine Gun Company, in the order named. About 300 meters south of the junction formed by the Fleville-St. Juvin Road with the Summerance-St. Juvin Road, a burst of machine-gun fire from the right flank swept the column. Several men fell, and our men moved into the ditch on the east side of the road for protection. This fire came from the crest and slopes of the hill 200 or 300 meters west of the river road. This hill was south of the Sommerance-St. Juvin Road. Fire also came from the slopes of Ridge 85.5 to the north, and from the direction of St. Juvin. Colonel Whitman and Major Pierce worked forward to the Sommerance Road for a personal reconnaissance. A survey of the situation showed no friendly troops in sight, but many enemy snipers and machine gunners on the high ground immediately ahead. Artillery now opened up on the road on which the Regiment lay. It was 06 hours, 45 minutes. To get into position for the Corps attack, it was necessary to deploy to the right front, and extend for a kilometer in width from the road junction to the east. No deployment, however, could be made until the enemy was dislodged from the hill on the immediate right of our column. Orders were sent to the two rear Infantry Companies I and L, to break off to their right and send a skirmish line, with its left flank on the highway, to sweep the enemy north of the St. Juvin-Sommerance Road. This was successfully done, and the Regiment extricated for the moment from the peril of close-range flank fire. In this pre-

liminary action, Captain Charles A. Fowler of Company M was killed as he leaped to the top of the bank to direct the deployment of the Company. As the line passed the jump-off road, Company M joined on the left flank, and at 07 hours, 20 minutes, the attack moved forward and started up the slopes of Ridge 85.5 under a heavy fire which ran along the crest clear to St. Juvin. The ridge was found to be heavily protected by enemy wire. Along the top of the crest was a sunken road which ran due west into St. Juvin. No American troops appeared on the left flank of the regiment, but St. Juvin was obviously full of Germans who kept up a continuous, raking fire.

The promised tanks had not appeared and no 75 mm. accompanying gun had reported. There was no friendly barrage preceeding the advance. One platoon of the Machine Gun Company supported the advance of I Company, and another platoon cooperated with M Company. The 3rd platoon used indirect fire over the heads of our advancing troops.

The machine gunners moved forward with this assault battalion and lost heavily. Our men tore through the wire, charged and maneuvered against the German machine gunners, and killed and were killed, until the top of the ridge was in our possession. This was accomplished at 08 hours, 5 minutes.

This success could not have been achieved except by troops of the highest morale. The right flank company could see no American troops on the right, but the thick mist did not permit a far view. At 08 hours, 30 minutes, liaison was established along Ridge 85.5 with the 327th Infantry. Colonel Whitman, accompanied by Captain Wright, proceeded along the fire-swept road halfway to Sommerance, and talked with Captain Fowler, Operation Officer, 327th Infantry. The opposition of the enemy to our advance beyond the sunken road on the crest of the ridge became so intense, and the fire from the left assumed such proportions, that the 325th Infantry was unable to make further progress. Indeed, it became a very serious question whether the Regiment could cling to the position won without suffering virtual annihilation. Colonel Whitman sent a runner back on the road toward Fleville with a message to Major Hawkins, commanding the 2nd Battalion in support, and directed that reinforcements be sent up. F Company was immediately

ordered forward, reporting to Colonel Whitman at the crossroads at about 09 hours. This Company was used to cover the left flank of the Regiment by filling in the gap between the crossroads and the Aire River to the West. The Brigade Order had given meridian 98.5 as the western boundary of the Brigade. This gave a front of 500 meters immediately east of the Aire River to the 163rd Infantry Brigade. No troops appeared, however, to fill this gap, and Colonel Whitman made the disposition already indicated.

At 10 hours, Captain Parley B. Christensen of I Company was killed on the ridge. The Regiment had now lost two of its Company Commanders.

The 325th Infantry was alone on Sommerance Road. It will be remembered that at 10 hours, Major Blanchard had withdrawn from his point of farthest advance, and was organized on this same ridge between the 325th Infantry on the west and Sommerance on the east. Both regiments were now in liaison, and Major Blanchard, going to Colonel Ely, told him that he considered the position a good one, although very heavy fire was coming from the front and right flank. At 10 hours the following message was sent to C. G. 164th Brigade, at the P. C. in Fleville: "Only one officer left in the battalion. Line was ahead of both flanks and compelled to draw back. Now on parallel 85.5. Whitman reported on my left. My officers and men so exhausted they are not effective. Strong resistance, shells, M. G. Prisoners say three regiments in front. A strong counterattack could not be stopped by us. Request reinforcements. (signed) Ely."

At 10 hours, 45 minutes, the following message was sent to Brigade Headquarters: "No support on right flank. Both advance battalions almost decimated. Men fought hard. Not a straggler met. Have withdrawn to jumpoff road. Slighter shelter. Request immediate help. (signed) Ely."

This was followed by: "Lost 50 per cent of my command. Boche counterattacked; filtering in through woods. Unable to get in touch on my right. Unless I drop back, will probably be cut off. (signed) Ely."

"Drop back under cover of machine gun fire. Dig in if necessary and hold. Notify Colonel Whitman. I ordered artillery fire in front. (signed) General Lindsey."

## STORY OF ALVIN C. YORK

Attack of 2nd Battalion, 328th Infantry, 82nd Division, October 8, 1918

One exploit in this day's work will always be retold in the military traditions of our country. It is entitled to a place among the famous deeds in arms of legendary or modern warfare. Early in the attack of this battalion, the progress of G Company on the left was seriously impeded by heavy machine gun fire from a hill directly southwest across the valley from Hill 223. Although this territory was south of the zone of action assigned the 82nd Division, it was necessary to reduce this fire or suffer disastrous consequences.

A force of four non-commissioned officers and thirteen privates was sent from the left support platoon of G Company, to encircle the hill and silence the enemy guns. This detachment, under Acting Sergeant Early, encircled the hill from the southeast, and by a very skillful reconnaissance, passed through the heavy woods on the east crest, and descended to the wooded ravine on the west side of the hill. The detachment, in working through the underbrush, came upon a German battalion estimated to contain about 250 men, a considerable number of whom were machine gunners. Orders taken later from the pockets of the German Battalion Commander proved that the mission of this battalion was to launch a counterattack against the left flank of our attack at 10 hours, 30 minutes. About 75 Germans were crowded around their Battalion Commander, apparently engaged in receiving final instructions. A force of machine gunners and infantrymen, however, were lying in the foxholes fifty yards away on the western slope of the hill. Other machine gun detachments were located on the north and northeast slopes of this same wooded hill.

The handful of Americans, led by Corporal Early, appeared as a complete surprise to this German battalion. The large body of Germans surrounding the German Battalion Commander began surrendering to our men, whom the enemy supposed to be the leading element of a large American force which had enveloped their position.

German machine gunners on the hillside, however, quickly reversed their guns and poured a hail of bullets into the bottom of the ravine, killing six and wounding three of the American detachment. All of the non-commissioned officers were killed or seriously wounded except Corporal Alvin C. York of Pall Mall, Tennessee. With Corporal York were seven privates, four of whom were mostly occupied in covering, with their rifles, the large group of German infantrymen who had thrown down their arms at the first surprise. A few shots were fired by

the remaining three Americans, but the chief burden of initiative and achievement fell upon Corporal York.

Crouching close to the huddle of German prisoners, he engaged in a rapid-fire action with the machine gunners and infantrymen on the hillside. The return fire struck just behind him, due to the fact that careful shooting from the hillside was necessary by the Germans, to avoid injuring their own men, a few feet in front of Corporal York. The American fired all the rifle ammunition clips on the front of his belt, and then three complete clips from his automatic pistol. In days past, he has won many a turkey shoot with his rifle and pistol in the Tennessee mountains, and it is believed that he wasted no ammunition on this day. Once a lieutenant on the hillside led a counterattack of a dozen gunners and infantrymen against this extraordinary marksman, who shot the lieutenant through the stomach, and killed others, before the survivors took cover. German morale gave way entirely, and the Battalion Commander surrendered his Command.

Corporal York placed himself between two German officers at the head of the column, and distributed the seven Americans on guard along the flanks and in the rear of the hastily formed column of prisoners. On his way back over the hill, he picked up a considerable number of additional prisoners from the north and northeast slopes of the hill. When he reported at the Battalion P. C., Lieutenant Woods, the Battalion Adjutant, 2nd Battalion, 328th Infantry, counted the prisoners and found that they totaled three officers and 129 enlisted men. The prisoners proved to be part of the 45th Reserve Division. The three wounded Americans were brought in with the column. The six dead Americans were buried later where they had fallen. During the forenoon, Lieutenant Cox passed the scene of this fight with a portion of F Company. He estimated that approximately twenty dead Germans lay on the hillside.

All through the night the Americans could hear the rumble of the German transport moving north out of the heart of the Argonne Forest, which they had held for four years. It was during the night of October 7-8 that Major Whittlessey's "Lost Battalion" of the 77th Division was relieved on the left flank. They were cut off in a very steep ravine, a costly lesson which the Americans were slow to learn; that is, to stay out of ravines, especially when the ridges are held by the enemy.

After the Armistice, Corporal York received the personal thanks of Major General Duncan, the Division Commander, Major General Summerall,

Commanding 5th Corps, and General Pershing, the Commander-In-Chief. He also was given the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Croix de Guerre.

## CAPTAIN FRANK M. WILLIAMS ON HILL 182

The order of events now moves farther to the west, where a very extraordinary affair raged for half a day on the top of Hill 182, and left that strategic point in the possession of the 82nd Division. The exploit on Hill 182, during the forenoon of October 15, was regarded by the 82nd Division as one of the striking episodes of the war, and a brilliant example of success won against heavy odds by a small American unit. The whole business smacks of modern knight-errantry. Captain Frank M. Williams, commanding the 325th Machine Gun Company, had been directed to take his Company to Hill 182, and from there to support by machine gun fire the advance of the Division's left flank. At about 06 hours, Captain Williams sent runners to his Company, then supporting the line of the 323th Infantry, directing his Lieutenant to move the Company on to Hill 182. Captain Williams started alone for the hill, intending to reconnoiter machine gun positions before the arrival of his men.

The previous experience of this officer is sufficiently unusual to deserve mention. For several years he was a Deputy Sheriff in both Wyoming and Montana, and during that time had won some twenty individual gunfights against cattle outlaws. He once won the bronco riding championship at the big Cheyenne open tournament. Later he had joined Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" Show, where he gave exhibitions in riding untamed horses, and was pronounced by Colonel Cody as the greatest bronco-breaker the Colonel had ever seen.

Captain Williams walked through the eastern part of St. Juvin and saw no American or German troops. On the eastern slope of the hill, near the north edge of the town, he found a lieutenant with a platoon from the 77th Division occupying a piece of trench. The lieutenant informed him that the platoon had become separated from other troops of the 77th Division, and did not know where they were now located. He had, therefore, placed himself on the flanks of the 326th Infantry. He arrived there during the night, and had no information of the enemy. Captain Williams advised him to send a runner to find his Battalion Commander. Captain Williams then strolled on to the top of Hill 182. The mist was so

heavy that he found it impossible to see more than approximately a hundred yards to the front. Shortly after his arrival, a heavy barrage fell on the hill, during which he took shelter at the north edge of the town, where he found men of Lieutenant Benjamin's platoon. The Lieutenant had left the hill a few moments previously for a conference with his Battalion Commander. When the barrage lifted, Captain Williams walked back on to the crest of the Hill. Here he observed a group of five German soldiers walking toward him at about a hundred yards distance with an American prisoner. Captain Williams walked over to the group empty-handed, and when within a few yards, made a lightning reach for the pistol on his belt, and in the fight that followed, killed four Germans and took the fifth prisoner. As the fifth German raised his arms in surrender, Captain Williams caught sight of a long enemy skirmish line coming over the northern end of the plateau, attacking directly toward St. Juvin. The enemy party numbered roundly about 200 men. Using a dead German's rifle, Captain Williams shot one of the enemy who marched a few paces in advance of the attacking skirmish line. The German line took cover, and Captain Williams jumped down the bank onto the sunken road near the cemetery on the western slope of the hill, and ran back under cover toward St. Juvin. He crossed through the northern part of the town to the eastern slope, where he met his Machine Gun Company at the bottom of the hill. Captain Williams, shouting "Follow me," ran back onto the hill, his leading gun close behind him. This gun opened fire on the German line which was then advancing at close range. The other guns almost immediately joined in. In the fight which followed, the entire German party was killed, wounded or driven from the hill, and about half of our Company were casualties. A column of several hundred of the enemy was observed in the vicinity of the railroad yards just west of Hill 182. Our machine gunners turned their attention to this force and scattered it with heavy losses. This German attack was part of the assault made against our entire front, to which reference has already been made.

## A BUCK ON LEAVE IN FRANCE 1919

The rush to win the war in six months after arriving in France (May 11 through November 11) excluded any thoughts of furloughs. But on the night of February 14, 1919, after the war was over, I was called to the Company office to discuss that most-hoped-for leave or vacation. I was given a choice of being promoted or taking a two weeks' leave for vacation to the southern part of France on the Italian border. Having no intention of missing the chance to see and learn more about the many sights and things the old country had to offer, I took the furlough with no regrets, then or later.

The next morning, with two buddies and a pocket full of French francs, we left the little town of Bruely, and caught a bus to Shaumont, the GHQ of General Jack Pershing. Taking a train for the rest of the trip, we passed through Paris early in the morning, and arrived at Aix-les-Bains, the famous tourist resort, which means great springs. There we climbed aboard a cogwheel train which took us the next several miles up through a rising valley surrounded by the great Alps, like the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc, highest of the French Alps, rising to a height of 15,781 ft., with a permanent layer of ice 75 ft. thick.

Can you imagine, or describe, the feelings of a boy in an awesome gorge like this, a boy who had never been on a hill so high but what he could run to the top and slide down it several times any morning before breakfast? I'd like to see or know a person who had the faith sufficient to move a mountain like some of the Alps. The French and Italians didn't try to move any of them, but they did dig a two-lane highway under the highest one, Mont Blanc, which means white mountain. In honor of President Woodrow Wilson, it was called Mount Wilson during World War I.

The little town of Charmonix stands at the front door of the tunnel on the French side, where we spent two weeks climbing Mont Blanc about 500 feet above the tree line, with a French guide leading the way. At one point, the guide came to a very steep incline that led almost straight down some two or three hundred feet to the famous Bosson Glacier. Like a flash he jumped out onto that steep incline of ice and snow, and I happened to be next in line. A loud shriek of "ooohs" came from the line behind

me, and it was time for me to make up my mind. (I was like Uncle Tent, after the tornado passed over his weather house, who was asked, "Were you scared, Uncle?", to which he replied, "I don't think I was scared, but when I reached up to scratch my old head, I stuck my fingers in my eyes.") Having nowhere else to go, I followed the guide, using my two sharp sticks to tumble fairly close to his trench all the way down.

Back at the YMCA that night, I saw the first performance of the play, "A Buck On Leave," hence the title of this report. I really enjoyed my two weeks' stay in the great Alps, and it might well be the highlight of my trip to the old country.

Two other points of interest I would like to mention. First, my visit to the birthplace of Joan of Arc, at the quaint little village of Domremy on the Meuse River. A large statue has been erected in her memory, depicting her as she was burned at the stake by the English as a heretic, at Rouen on May 30, 1431. Being now a Patron Saint of France, her feast day in May is the occasion of national rejoicing. I strolled through the pasture where she had her vision, while watching over her flock. And it was in this little village of Domremy, that I waved greetings for the last time to an old buddy and good neighbor of mine, Leon Barber of Chapel Hill, who was passing through with a supply train a few days before he was killed.

The other great point of interest was near Shaumont, 40 miles east of Paris, on December 23, 1918, my 25th birthday, and one of the happiest times of my life. The occasion was one long to be remembered, not only by the men of the A.E.F., but all Americans as well. It was the visit of our great Commander-In-Chief, President Woodrow Wilson, to the men in the field, who had just won a decisive victory over the enemy. Everyone knew he was coming to pour out his heartfelt thanks for a job well done, and he didn't let us down. In fact, had he given the last part of his speech first, which was that he had come to take us home, I doubt if he would have been able to have finished his speech, the applause was so great. Premier Georges Clemenceau, "The Grand Old Man" of France, also spoke at this, the greatest gathering of men and vehicles I have ever had the privilege to witness.



## GOING HOME

In a few days I was back with the Company, stirred with the good news of leaving immediately for the Le Mans area, and on to Brest, the port of embarkation. The Company was thrilled, from Captain to Buck Private, that our next stop would be Hoboken, New Jersey.

The homeward-bound trip was made with great joy, but with our fingers crossed that our good fortune would continue. The second crossing was made without the watchful eyes of dozens of torpedo boats, circling a dangerously overcrowded convoy of twenty-one ships loaded to the limit with men and equipment. What a contrast between the two trips. Uncle Sam had made our paths straight. Leaving the Port of Brest on May 20, 1919, on the good

ship U.S.S. Mobile, we steered a direct course to Hoboken, landing on May 30, just as the sun was rising on Memorial Day. What a bright sunny day to be long remembered, with small boats of every size and color coming out for several miles to meet us, displaying the names of men who were expected to be on our ship. To my glad surprise, two of my cousins from Uncle John Sharpe's family met me as I got off the boat. Putting a foot on home soil again was the happiest day of my life. The first night was spent at Camp Dix, where three days were needed to turn in equipment, and finish paper work before heading for Atlanta and final discharge. I finally arrived at home on June 9, 1919, for a happy reunion with the family.

## A POSTSCRIPT

I was recently asked a pointed, but good question while discussing army experiences with a regular army career man. "Why, or how, did I serve throughout the First World War without being promoted from the rank of 'Buck Private?'" Before I could answer, he topped that with another question, "You were a good soldier, were you not?" He had me almost feeling like I was back in the army again. The question amused me, because I had been out of the army 44 years, and don't remember anyone ever asking me that question. I had never given it much thought. But I told him as far as I knew, I had carried out all orders and commands, and never gave any trouble, coming home with an Honorable Discharge, and above all, I had a clear conscience of duties done. But his first question, "Why?" would be a longer story.

In the first place promotions were not so rapid in the First World War as in the Second World War. Most of the officers in the First World War, as well as non-coms, were taken from the Regular Army. However, when I entered camp December 3rd, 1917, in our first line-up for the count-off, I happened to

be No. 4, in the front rank, and was told I was Corporal, and drilled the Squad for two weeks, and then the Company was quarantined for two weeks, after which the Company was split up and assigned to other Regiments. Myself and several other boys were assigned to the 325th Infantry which was already organized. Then after the St. Mihiel drive I was up for promotion, and the next day I was sent to the Battalion Headquarters and assigned to scout work, which I liked, but was very dangerous, consisting of patrol work, and map drawing and observation post duty, also reporting front line activity to Headquarters, putting me in position to learn more about the operations of the war at first hand, than I would have with the Infantry Company. The last offer of promotion was strictly a choice between being made a Non-Com or having a vacation in the Alps Mountains, and I gladly took the vacation, which I have never regretted, giving me the chance of a lifetime to see more of Europe. My Motto has been throughout life, "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow." Nature has so endeared me to Private Life, any other course would have interfered with my Privacy.



# COPY OF HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE UNITED STATES ARMY

## TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

This is to certify that John C. Sharpe, 1898789—Private Infantry, last assigned to Co. "C" 320th Infantry

THE UNITED STATES ARMY as a TESTIMONIAL OF HONEST AND FAITHFUL SERVICE is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of Expiration Term Ser W. D. Cer #106, December 3, 1918.

Said John C. Sharpe was born in Buffalo, in the State of Alabama. When enlisted he was 23 years of age and by occupation a Farmer. He had blue eyes, Lt. brown hair, fair complexion, and was 5 ft, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches in height.

Given under my hand at Camp Gordon, Georgia, this 9th day of June, 1919.

William T. Brock, Major, Infantry, Commanding

## ENLISTMENT RECORD

Name: John C. Sharpe

Grade: Private

Enlisted: December 3, 1917 at LaFayette, Alabama, serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge.  
Prior Service: None. Non. Com.: None. Gunner qualification: None. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, expeditions:

Lagny Defense:	6/26/18 to 7/11/18
Lainey	7/12/18 to 8/ 6/18
Seiele	8/15/18 to 9/11/18
St. Mihiel,	9/12/18 to 9/16/18
Seiele	9/16/18 to 9/20/18
Meuse Argonne	9/26/18 to 11/ 3/18
A. E. F. in France	4/25/18 to 5/30/19

Wounds received in service: Phosgene Gas, October 17, 1918.

Physical condition when discharged: Good

Typhoid prophylaxis completed 1/14/18—Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed 1/14/18

Married or Single: Single. Character: Excellent

Remarks: No A.W.O.L. A.W. No. 107, Travel pay allowed to LaFayette, Alabama.  
Served in Co. 2 Cas Det. 157 D.P. Brigade 12/14/17  
Co. F, 325th Infantry 1/2/18  
Co. C. 320th Infantry 11/22/18 to discharge  
Served in France.

Signature of Soldier-----John C. Sharpe, Camp Gordon, Georgia  
Glenn L. Allen, Captain Inf.

Paid in full, \$86.80, including \$60.00 Bonus

L. B. Geiger By Mr. Beiger

## MEMOIRS OF JOHN CALVIN SHARPE

Being born in a log cabin may not necessarily be to one's advantage, but you have a certain satisfaction in knowing that you have been brought up among weighty surroundings. I was the ninth of ten boys born in this log cabin, where I lived until I was twenty-one, and have no regrets. I have no outstanding accomplishments, nor do I have any spectacular achievements in life that I can point to and say "That's what I've done." And I have made enumerable mistakes. But the feeling that has been the most dominating one in my life, is that I have been well blessed, and have faced the future with happy anticipation, going about my work in an attitude of faith and hope.

One can never outgrow the influence of a Christian mother. One of the first resolves I ever remember making, and keeping, was that, regardless of where I was, or who I was talking to, never to say anything that I wouldn't want my mother to hear.

Of course, these things are of a moral nature, and of themselves will not save one's soul, but they are the fruits of the inner man. I was converted to Christianity at the age of 10, in a series of services conducted by a Dr. Flemming in a tent meeting at Lebanon in the year 1903, but was too bashful to unite with the church until several years later in a service conducted by Dr. Blackwell in the summer of 1907, at the age of fourteen.

The large two-room log cabin with wide hall, or dogtrot as it was sometimes called, where I was born, still stands on the old homestead. It was built about 1875 by my father, James Monroe Sharpe. The old farm home itself has continued in the Sharpe family for four generations, dating back to 1840, when P. W. Sharpe (thought to be Peter or William Sharpe, brother of Daniel Sharpe) purchased the farm from Hugh C. Slator. He was the first white man to enter this land from the United States government, and held what was known as a *patent* from the government. In 1836, according to old abstract records, he entered a large tract of land in this section, where his name appeared on other tracts of land. But he seems to have done very little farming, since the Indians still occupied some of the land, and were reluctant to leave the hardwood forest that stretched for miles, abounding in berries in Summer and nuts in the Fall and Winter, and small game was plentiful. The climate was mild and suitable for outdoor life.

In 1857, the farm passed from P. W. Sharpe to William Henry Sharpe, a nephew who was married

to Martha Smith in 1853. In 1858 he erected a log cabin on the farm, and had five children at the time he was called for the Civil War in 1861. Deeding the farm to three of his children, James Monroe, Mittie and Catherine, he rode their only work horse to war, and never returned. He died and was buried at Petersburg, Virginia, in 1864, leaving a widow and five small children. The oldest boy, James Monroe, only nine, was hired out to kinsmen for two pecks of meal per week, which he lugged home some five miles as the family's groceries for the week. He soon became a regular hand among his kinsmen's laborers, learning to tie bundles of wheat as fast as the best cradler could cut it.

One week he proudly drove home to his mother a bull calf his uncle had given him for a week's work, which he then trained for the work of a steer. Soon after he acquired another, and with the two yoked together, he could remove large logs from his fields, and thereafter many trees began to fall. Night after night, brush and log fires sent swirling clouds of smoke high into the heavens to brighten the darkest night.

Once when chunking the embers of a late night fire, a noise was heard in the thick brush behind him, and a big black otter sprang upon his back and slashed at his neck. He quickly threw the otter to the ground, and his two faithful black dogs, Ben and Rover, chased him back into a bramble thicket and a terrific fight took place, whereupon Ben and Rover returned later with split ears and bleeding noses. The next morning the big black otter was found stretched out dead.

At the age of 18 in 1872, James Monroe (Jim) Sharpe was very much of a man, about five feet eleven, with muscles of steel. He could pull down the best of grown men at log rollings, and was very much in demand at house raisings. He was skilled in the handling of logs and "notching down corners," which is another one of the lost arts of today. Being brought up the hard way in the pioneer days, he was his own boss, and work was just a way of life. He found great satisfaction in doing things. One of his philosophies was "He who will not work should not eat."

It was about this time that he began to think about building his own home, and about its location. After the question of location was fixed in his mind, four large old-field heart pines were marked close by, from which to hew the foundation sills, and since there was an abundance of large tall pines nearby, he decided to build the first unit of his home of pine. Each log was hewn to size, and with John and Jerry,

his faithful steers, he towed the twenty foot logs to the site and stacked them for "notching down" on "raising day."

It was customary to have four good men or more to raise a log home. One was needed on each corner, and an expert with a broadaxe was also necessary. They all helped raise the logs, but each man was responsible for the "notching down" of his own corner. Allowing one foot for each log, the building was raised twelve logs high to give ample space for an upstairs room. Once this was done, poles were peeled for rafters, rived long boards were used for sheeting and rived short boards were used for the roof. The job was completed when long boards were rived to cover the space between the logs on the outside, and the rock and mud chimney was built at the end. Sometimes they would board up the inside and fill the space between the logs outside by daubing with red mud.

After having completed the large room, full 18 by 18 feet of pine, the next room, when needed, was built of poplar. These large logs which he cut from a low, flat swamp-ground nearby, were all split in half and notched down. This room he set some 8 or 10 feet away from the other, and by covering the area between with a connecting roof, he had a wide hall in the middle, or dogtrot, which was sometimes used as a small room or porch. As we mentioned in the beginning, at least four men usually were needed in erecting such a building, but he did practically all of the work himself, with the exception of raising a few of the top logs.

At this stage in life, the happiness and fortunes of the future dangled daily before him, and were the driving force that made such work and planning a happy privilege and pleasure. Often when returning home on weekends, while he was working for his Uncle John Beaty, he would stop and play a few minutes with the Milford boys and girls in the big yard in front of their home, and soon became fond of the little, short, dumpy girl that they called laurella. She would sometimes follow him out to the road to give him the last lick, before running back to the house. Soon they became good pals, and before you could say "Jack Robinson," they walked over one Sunday afternoon to the home of the Justice of the Peace, one Rev. John Callahann, in the year 1877, were married and moved into his new home, just a little west of White Plains. Here they worked like honey bees and raised a swarm of 10 boys in 17 years, arriving in this order and date:

Henry Milford, September 21, 1878

Ernest Chalmers, May 13, 1880

Webster Hershel, September 26, 1881

Andrew Jackson, May 6, 1883

Wilbur Durelle, November 6, 1885

Rufus Bernard, November 7, 1887

James Otis, June 6, 1889

Jasper Wise, January 22, 1891

John Calvin, December 23, 1893

Melwyn Hervy, November 8, 1895

My entrance into the world on December 23, 1893, took place not only in the middle of the Christmas shopping season, but right in the beginning of the era of the glamorous gay nineties. But if there was any gaiety in the outside world, very little of it rubbed off on the Sharpe boys. The gaiety of the nineties had reference, in some respect, to the display or show of clothes worn at the time, but the display, or that which was shown by the Sharpe boys' clothes, could hardly be considered gay.

Another factor that aided in further isolating us from the outside world, was the location of the house at the end of the road. Upon the appearance of any vehicle on the approaching road, the alarm was spread that "Someone's coming here," and everyone took shelter in the remotest fence corner or deepest jungle, putting in an appearance again later from around the 'tater hill, pummy pile or up the lane from the chestnut tree hill.

I should have gone on the "I've Got A Secret" show, for I do have a secret: I named myself. When I came along, names were getting a little scarce around the house and for a good while I was just number nine. Later they decided to call me Ucal Manning, which made a mighty good handle to call me, "You-u-C-a-a-al." Then it was Uke, Uke, Uke. About that time we started to school at Chapel Hill, and of course I was a new scholar. A gang of boys ran to meet us, as we came into the schoolyard, yelling "What's his name? What's his name?"

My brother, Rufus, spoke first and said, "His name is Ucal."

One big boy yelled inquiringly, "Google? What a heck-of-a-name."

So the name Google caught on like wild fire, and it was Google, Google, Google throughout my while first year of school. In the game of "fox chasing" which was popular at school in the early days, I was always the fox during recess hour. In long chases through the woods, when the fox was sighted, the dogs yelped, "Google---Google---Google ---Google---Google---."

It so happened that the next year we changed schools and went to White Plains, where I gave my name to the teacher as just plain Cal, but I wasn't satisfied with the initials C. M. I used the name for several years, and later when I read the story of John Calvin, I started using that name and dropped the name Manning.

The following short poems are in memory of my  
first Double Celebration:

It's quite easy to remember the Virgin Birth  
Since it brought joy and peace to all the earth.  
But His greatest triumph, read other connections,  
Came with His Betrayal, Crucifixion and Resurrection.  
The story of the Nativity is a great joy to tell  
Each year there's a longer and louder Noel.  
Abhor that which is evil, and cling to that which is good,  
The season will be a natural, as natural it should.  
As strange as it may seem, all the noise of today,  
Sprang from a quiet little village far, far away.  
Beginning like a breeze, on the nearest water course,  
It reaches us in voluminous waves, at hurricane force.  
Some say skip it, and why all the shout,  
But once you get it, there is no room for doubt.  
So long as we live, and our heart's inside,  
Let Christmas linger and love abide.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was born, I'm told, on the twenty-third,  
And here are a few things that I heard.  
Around the cradle stood the other eight,  
"Hey Boy," said one, "Ain't you a little late?"  
"Heck naw, he's just in time,  
We needed another player to make out the nine."  
They had just come in from a hunting trip,  
That is, all but my big brother, Jip.  
He leaned on the cradle, and plainly looked sore,  
For he knew his time had come, to be the baby no more.  
"Go outside," Ma said, "and dress your game,  
And give me time to think of a name."  
But they were having fun, just standing around,  
"It's funny, Ma; we went a hunting; and you stayed home and found."  
"Ern," they said, "killed a rabbit in bed asleep,  
And Jack knocked a robin from an old brush-heap.  
Henry shot a squirrel from the top of a tree;  
When he tumbled out, he struck him on the knee.  
Oat caught a wren and put him under his hat,  
He reached to scratch his head, and he was gone like that."  
"Well, you're pretty good hunters, I'll have to accept,  
But, when it comes to naming a fellow, you're not much help."  
"Aw, name him Tom" or "just call him Ned,  
He'll shore have to sleep at the foot of the bed."  
"All right, wise guys, you're not from the East,  
There's no camel standing around, to say the least.  
Pull off your brogans, and blow your nose,  
Run upstairs and turn up your toes."  
So, in the bed jumped Hen, Webb, Jack and Ern,  
A kick in the shin was the signal to turn.  
Another bed which was ready to fill,  
Caught Rut, Oat, Jip and Bill.  
For the rest of the story, later records will tell,  
Number nine was Cal, and number 10 was Mel.

## FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN CALVIN SHARPE FIRST 20 YEARS

Since man's allotted time is three score and ten, and by reason of strength, other years may be added as a bonus for each such year his life is prolonged, and as I have eight such years, I have much to be thankful for. Early in life I chose to live that I might always be able to say, "In God We Trust, and if God be for us, who can be against us."

My life can easily be divided in scores, or 20 year periods. I need only to report here the first 20 years, since the period is already reported in my daily diary to the year 1931, where I will take up the third period, and in 1950 will take up the fourth period to the present day. My first year in life is so clearly documented by a photo of myself sitting in my mother's lap, I could hardly afford not to report such documented evidence that I was actually there, and on my way, but didn't know to just where. It took me only two more years to find out. I wandered out into the field where the other boys were chopping cotton out in front of the house, still wearing my candy striped, syrup-smear'd calico dress. Across my shoulder, like a regular hand, I carried my little hoe (which I learned, too late, was my first mistake), but the boys were all ready to show me just how it was done. I was told, to be a good cotton chopper, you had to learn to keep right up with the leader, and to cut his heels if he didn't keep out of your way. So with a few encouraging words about the good work I was doing, I was invited to come back the next day and do some more of the same, the next, and the next.

Little then did I realize, that I would have a little hoe, ax, pick, shovel, pitchfork, swing blade, drower knife, hammer and saw in my hands for the next 75 years, in an effort to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. Much of our early life was spent in learning the names and locations of things and places on the farm around about us: such as tater-hill, smokehouse, syrup mill, fig bushes, hog pen, woodlot, pummy pile, ashhopper, wash place, plum orchard, fence corner, hog lane, calf pasture, cotton house, spring path, chicken roost, guinea nest, lot gate, wood pile, end of the lane, chicken coop, lie soap, batling block, wash tub, wash pot, cane bed, ribbon cane, cane syrup, cane juice, evaporator, lead, pole, garden paling, martin gourds, syrup barrel, jugs, cotton basket, possum box, squirrel cage, ten rail fence, and flat rocks. Some fields and other things were old house field, Dan woods, Bonner field, Little Bonner field, chestnut tree hill, chincapin hill, field behind the barn, flat field, Davie

hill, Norman swamp, Anthiary head, log barn, Rhody's stable, big swamp, sliding hill, horse pasture, evershot wheel, bee gun, apple orchard, guano horn, bumble bees, hornets nest, snake sheds, poison ivy, thunder wood, pack saddle, stinging worm, Polke berries, bull nettles, snake root, cross vine, a smoke, buck rabbit, a drink, and sassafras tea, for something sweet to close with. Then a few homemade things to play with were popguns, bow and arrow, slingshot, pea shooter, rock sling, cob sling, hickory whistle, swamp can whistle, hand blow, maypop battle, rattan vine, rabbit tobacco, a smoke, catnip, horsemint, dog fennel, buckeye poppin, Indian fighting, rock battle, and wild bull, made with thin paddle swinging on long string. Other games were handover, scrub, paddle cat, and town ball, played with a cotton ball made by unraveling socks. One other game was called white marble poppin. When white mud was plentiful, we made hundreds of white mud balls, laid out on hot rocks for several days to dry. Then the fun started, by throwing these white marbles against the broad flat rocks down by the old mill.

## FIRST ACCIDENT IN MY LIFE

My first serious accident in life occurred in the Fall of 1897, about three months before my fourth birthday. In the latter part of September, muscadines were beginning to get ripe, and they seemed to thrive best higher up near the top of the tree. No one has ever been able to curb the climbing instincts of a boy. It's a part of him, and the risk involved is the most fascinating of all his activities. I had hardly reached my climbing age, but my brother, Rufus, had about reached the peak of his, between the age of ten and eleven. He had also about reached the peak of a tree, when a dead limb broke under his weight, and down he came, landing on my back, as I was leaning over picking up muscadines. Rufus broke his left arm near the elbow, and a bone in my right leg was fractured.

It all happened in the woodlot just back of the barn. Mother was out in the yard and heard the commotion, and was quickly on the scene, carrying me to the house in her arms. The accident caused my brother, Rufus, to carry a stiff arm throughout his life. And believe it or not, he broke the same arm three times afterward. The next time was under the same circumstance as the first; but by this time I had learned to dodge him, and he drove his arm

into the sand and broke it again. The third time he fell off a hayrack, and the fourth time, he fell off a riding cultivator out in Texas.

The humorous comment of Dr. H. A. Milford, who treated the two accident victims, was that "Old man Jim Sharpe had so many younguns, one couldn't fall out of a tree without falling on another one."

The hardest blow, or lick, I ever had in my life came while driving a team of mules and walking behind a long wooden lever of a stump puller. I was straining on a large stump, when somehow the lever became unlocked and flew back to the next notch. Since I was walking too close behind, the lever caught me in the breast, knocking me several feet out of breath and unconscious for awhile. But the doctor's examination found no broken bones, and in a few days I was back pulling stumps, but not behind the lever. It seems that I always had to learn the hard way. Like the time the mule ran away with the hayrack, throwing me off backwards, with the lines looping around my right foot, dragging me about 100 yards before I could get the rope from around my foot, and just before he ran in between two trees, breaking everything but the chains and his neck.

## STORY OF THE BURNING BULL

In the year 1900, our main log barn burned along with a shed or two on each side. All the boys were working in a field nearby, when Mother ran out giving the warning by waving her bonnet, that the barn was afire. The hoe hands dropped their hoes and excitedly ran for the barn; the plow boys mounted their mules and rode in with clanging chains and rattling gear. Neighbors showed up from every direction, creating quite a commotion. A few tools were saved and the wagon rolled out, but everybody had forgotten "Old Greasy," the jersey bull that was locked up in the stall that opened toward the lane. Fire and coals had begun to pour

through on his back when Daddy, braving fire and smoke, managed to knock the door open just as Greasy banged the door, knocking Daddy down against the fence. Greasy went leaping and bellowing down the lane in a cloud of smoke until he reached the branch. Everybody was carrying water to save the house in whatever containers they could find. Two colored girls, Mina and Tog Toles, were handed two large jars to carry water in, but before they got to the spring, they found some preserves in the bottom of the jar, and believe it or not, they sat down and ate the preserves while the others continued carrying water.



## FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A FARMER

My first experience as a farmer was in the year 1904, at the age of eleven. I had a good case of spring fever, but not the kind that makes you lazy; it was just that strong desire to see something grow by the work of your own hands, that you could call your own. I had planted a few rows of cotton at the edge of the yard, and worked it at dinner time after coming from the field, when we were supposed to be resting. But the trees shaded it out, and I never produced much cotton. So this particular Spring I went down below the plum orchard and found a little corner grown up in weeds and broom-sage that was not being cultivated, and dug it up for a few rows of corn. Nobody used fertilizer for corn at planting time, but I wanted something to put under the corn to make it grow. I had heard old people say that the Indians used to put fish under their corn, but I knew I'd have different ideas if I ever caught one big enough for that.

One warm Sunday morning, several of the boys decided to go snake hunting, so we got in the branch, and went down it with sticks and hoes killing snakes. At the end of the hunt I had as many snakes as I could drag along behind me: moccasins, kingsnakes, black runners, copperheads, cotton mouths, chicken

snakes and one coach whip about six feet long. On the way home, the idea struck me that this might be the answer to my fertilizer problem, so I piled my "fertilizer" down in the middle of the patch, stretched them out in the rows, covered them with a hoe, and planted the corn by the side of the snakes. I put leaf mold under two rows, and the others got barn lot compost. A warm rain came, and I got a perfect stand, but the snake corn was the greenest all the summer and made the best corn.

So, with a bountiful crop of corn in prospect, I decided I needed to build a barn to put it in, so I gathered scraps of boards and made ready to build my own barn. The measurements were 4 feet wide, 6 feet long and 5 feet high, with a door on the side where I could climb in. About 15 bundles of fodder was stacked in the loft and about 4 bushels of corn were piled in the crib. I felt I was a real farmer, but there seemed to be something lacking. There were no rats in the crib to make it a real barn. So to complete the job right, I rounded up several nice young rats of the long-tail variety, turned them into the new crib, and the rats and I lived happily ever after.

## THE LAST EEL CAUGHT WAS IN 1910

The eel story had its beginning in 1890 when our father owned and operated a corn meal mill, powered by water that turned a large overshot wheel, for which a large pond above furnished the water. This farm joined the present farm on the north, known as the Jackson farm, and the family lived there for three years, during which time my brother, Jip, was born. While living there, our father built another pond on another branch, where he used water to gin cotton, ginning about two bales of cotton in one day. After three years he moved back to the old home place which he still owned, and this time built a fish pond about two acres in size. The dam was built on the rocks at the upper end of the present lower 20-acre lake. Much of the farm's

early history centered around this two-acre lake. Boys came there to swim, from Chapel Hill to White Plains, and Hamburg to Shake Rag. The pond was located on the walking path to Chapel Hill, where many of the boys attended school. Often, when heavy rains came in the afternoon at school, the boys would ask the teacher to let them out a little early to get home before the creek got up. But the real idea was to get there before the creek went down, to get a good swim in the swift waters, while it was out of the banks. The water poured over the dam some 10 or 12 feet high on solid flat rock, making an ideal place for fun, provided you watched floating driftwood and other debris coming over the dam.

Back in the "Gay Nineties" when my father built the "Gin Pond," every Spring eels came up the branches to lay their eggs to hatch out. After they were large enough, they made their way back to the deep water. Of course, some of them got cut off in the pond. Others were caught and put in, so the pond was soon alive with eels. Father had a sluice gate near the bottom of the dam, and by putting a basket net over the sluiceway, and raising the gate, he caught a barrel-full of young eels and brought them home to stock his new pond.

This was about the year 1895, and thereafter many eels were taken from the pond, and some above the pond. The last one we remember catching was about a mile above the pond, while several of us were seining with a homemade sack seine in the year 1910, some fifteen years after the pond was stocked. The seine was three feet long and weighed about 15 pounds. We were seining near the foot of a large

poplar, in a hole of water not over three feet deep, that extended several feet back under the roots of the poplar. The excitement came when we saw we had something in the seine, with everyone running out of the water like a snake was after us, yelling, "Eel, EEEEL!" Quickly recovering our senses, we ran back into the water, and he was still in the seine. Dragging the seine out on the sand, a most exciting scuffle took place, the eel slipping from one hand out through another until we got him out on the bank, using sand, sticks and dirt to get him farther away from the creek. We left the seine in the branch, and almost out of breath, ran the entire distance to the house to show our catch. Brother Ernest was home from Florida, and he showed us how to dress an eel by driving a nail through his head and skinning him, revealing the whitest meat I had ever seen. We went back to the seine again, but never caught another eel.

## HAPPENINGS WHILE MINDING THE GAP

When I was too little to take any part in the work that was going on, my job was to mind the gap, and if any trouble came up, "I was minding the gap," or if I wasn't there at the right time, "I was minding the gap."

During the family's three-year sojourn at the Jackson Place, from 1890 to 1893, I was minding the Jackson gap. Our daddy was the community miller, operating the quaint old mill by the pond, which was a familiar sight in those days. The mill was run by a large wheel, some 15 or 20 feet high, called an overshot wheel, from the fact that the water poured over the wheel. Others were called undershot wheels because the water struck the wheel near the center, causing the wheel to be pulled under.

Neighbors for miles around carried corn to Sharpe's old mill. Then they would fish or go in swimming, while waiting for their *grindin'*. Often in the Fall of the year, Daddy would take along his old muzzle-loading shotgun, and shoot ducks on the pond. One day a large drove of ducks dropped down on the pond just above the old rock dam. He put a good, heavy load of shot and powder in the old gun and eased up behind the dam, and for just a minute, the ducks all huddled together with heads up. He

banged away at their heads, and with only one shot, killed nine ducks. It took so long to load a muzzle-loader, they seldom got in a second shot.

Often on Sunday, Mother and Daddy would get in the wagon and drive over to visit a neighbor, and leave the boys to watch after the place while they were gone. Daddy had quite a number of goats that year, and the boys decided to catch one and hitch it to a two-wheeled wagon they had made. Being unable to catch one around the yard, they lured them inside the house and managed to close the door, which really got the goats excited. After a few trips running around the room, the old lead goat spotted the only glass window in the room by the chimney, bucked his head with a bleat, and hit the window right in the center, leaving it with a spider-web effect. The other goats followed suit, doing a complete job of cleaning the window out from side to side. The goats made a clean getaway, but the boys suffered *rear guard* action when Daddy came home.

On another occasion, when Mother and Daddy had gone for a visit, they left Otis and Rufus to watch after the baby. When Jip started crying, Rufus raised a plank in the floor and dropped him under the house, so they couldn't hear him.

## THE OLD SYRUP MILL

There were times on the farm, as a boy I shall never forget,  
Although I grew up, things have a way of lingering yet.  
But when I let myself go, just to think at will,  
I invariably wind up, around the "Old Syrup Mill."

Not even the birds and the bees, and flowering shrubs of Spring,  
Or the days to a barefoot boy, that the good old Summer time could bring  
With its swimming hole, which I regarded as sublime,  
Left me with no such picture, as the good old syrup making time.

Syrup making time started early in the Fall  
When we took down the cane that was not so tall  
And stacked it in bed, with dirt on top,  
Which was to be saved for next year's crop.

Handstripping long rows of sugar cane took quite a time,  
But what a pretty sight, to look down the line.  
No artist can paint in just the right hue  
To match the sparkle of "Ribbon Cane Blue."

The cane was cut and piled; the wagons to fill,  
And load after load, was hauled to the mill.  
Long before day, it was "rise and shine,"  
And hitch up old "Rhody" and start to grind.

A large fire was built, so everybody could see  
The cane was piled high by the old apple tree.  
Every fellow had a job; he was called to do,  
And there was no let-up the whole day through.

Everybody wanted to feed the mill  
For there he had a chance to drink his fill.  
He watched the cool rich juice as it poured from the race  
And he didn't mind it if a little squirted in his face.

From the heavy iron rollers came a pleasant crunching sound  
As old Dobbin trodded in a circle, around and around.  
Then you called for the cane boy to pile up more cane  
For the pile would down as you reach for stalks, again and again.

You crammed the mill full, and got a large sluice,  
Then yelled for someone to move the juice.  
"Don't stand around," says Dad, "like a bunch of dummies,  
Go out there and move the pummies."

Let's go, Rhody, you're getting a little slow,  
We'll have to put in old Jane, and let you blow.  
The fire in the furnace was beginning to roar  
And the juice for the pan was ready to pour.

Neighbors came in from all around,  
And watched the syrup boil to a golden brown.  
Billows of smoke rose high in the air  
As if to say, they're making syrup over there.

As Dad chunked the fire you'd see 'im shake a leg,  
For syrup was about ready to let go into the keg.  
As syrup was strained and foam gathered round the lail  
We dipped in our fingers, and called it "Bull Tail."

Jugs and kegs were filled and sealed  
And stored in the smokehouse for many a meal.  
Syrup making memories, there were quite a few,  
But heading the list was the cane to chew.

Every long-jointed stalk we came across  
Over the pummy pile, we gave it a toss.  
And each stalk we tossed, we'd safely file  
Deep down under the pummy pile.

There it would keep cool and juicy, the entire batch  
And taste as if it was right out of the patch.  
About Christmas, when our buck-eye popping was just about through  
There would be plenty of long-jointed sugar cane to chew.



## THE DERBY STORY

When we were young, and there were ten of us boys, to be exact, my father hadn't been to church for some time, always coming up with the same old excuse, no Sunday clothes. One year, after selling a few loads of watermelons in the Summer, he decided to get the boys some clothes to wear to church. By picking up odds and ends of some heavy cloth goods, that Mother could make into suits that would fit his money, if not the boys, we soon had suits, but still we had no hats. By further searching, he found a merchant who was overstocked with out-of-style derbys of assorted sizes and colors, and by taking a dozen, it was a real giveaway, and his only hope. Laughing up his sleeves, he forked out his last two dollars.

When Sunday came around, the wagon was loaded with hay and the boys piled in, derbies and all, with some derbies resting on their ears, and

some ears completely emerged. Feeling a little sheepish, the boys lay low in the wagon, while Mother and Daddy perched high on the driver's seat up front, completing the derby scene. There was a long hickory whip sloping back from the driver's shoulder, ready to quell any disturbance that might start among his passengers.

Old Dobbin was headed down the long road to church, with Mother and Daddy arguing as to whether the Eunuch went under or over the water, and the boys' only thoughts about water were being at home in the deepest part of it. While watching the wagon wheels cut into the waxy mud, they passed an old neighbor's house. He turned to his wife, Marthey, and said, "We are going to hafter turn old man Jim Sharpe out of the church. There he goes to town on Sunday morning with a load of watermelons."

## POLLY AND PAT

The following is an account of one of the most dangerous hazards of farm life, that of being attacked by the herd bull. This took place in the Spring of 1924, and I miraculously escaped with my life.

This is a true story of a bull, Pat, and of Polly, a good-natured colored cowboy. Polly was employed by Mr. F. H. Callahan, known by everybody as Fred, and had been brought up among cattle and mules. Very few people, especially farmers in the county and surrounding area, had not bought livestock from, or sold livestock to Fred Callahan, and they always reported a fair deal. Polly was with the stock barn back in the Tennessee mule boom, when a farmer was just as important as the number of plows or mules on his farm.

A familiar sight at Callahan's barn (where farmers always congregated), was to see Polly come trottin' out of the door of the big barn, leading a pair of mules, with Fred switching his whip just the right number of times to put the pep in the mule that the farmer was looking for, thus selling the mule.

Now, back to Polly and Pat. Pat was a cream-colored butt-headed bull, raised from a calf as a pet. When we sold Pat to Callahan, Polly decided to drive Pat with a rope to the barn, which was only a few miles down the road, but he hadn't gone far before Pat decided to turn back. Determined to show Pat who was boss, Polly plugged him in the nose with a wagon spoke, which Pat promptly resented,

and made several lunges after Polly, and would have chased him farther, but Polly was headed toward town, and Pat, not interested in going that way, turned back. He went bellowing up the road dragging the rope, in not too good a humor. He hadn't gone far before meeting old Uncle Edgar Heard, who had a reputation of not being easily scared, always carrying a long knife in his pocket, since he was getting a little too old to climb to safety. But as Pat roared close enough to see the wrinkles in his face, and evil in his eye, Uncle Edgar forgot he had a knife, or how old he was, and headed straight for the nearest telephone (?) pole, and by superhuman effort, managed to climb a little way off the ground. However, he began to slide down a little and got his feet tied up in the rope, as the bull made several dashes around the pole. When the bull pounded Uncle Edgar from behind, he was reminded where his knife was. So while swinging back and forth on the pole, the bull hitting him one time and missing him the next, he managed to get his knife out, open it, and with a big thrust, drove it into Pat's nose. This brought forth a gush of blood, and the smell of it turned the bull into a veritable ball of fire. As Pat fell back to get a new start, with blood spattered all over his face, Uncle Edgar slashed the rope that held his feet. So on the next battering-ram charge, Uncle Edgar just wasn't there, but halfway up the pole, reaching

for the crosspiece, where he remained until the coast was clear.

Leaving Uncle Edgar lucky and contented to pole-sit awhile, Pat marked his path with a bloody streak as he roared up the road, with blood spurting from his nose at every pulse beat. A madder, wilder bull I never hope to see, looking from one side of the road to the other, for somebody he could take on next, and that somebody happened to be me. I saw him coming, but didn't know the condition he was in, and ran to open the gate, but soon found it wasn't the gate he wanted, but me. Coming nearer, he began to speed up, and I saw the blood spurting from his nose. Rising on his hind feet, he made a dive straight toward me, letting out a wild horn-like bellow that almost curdled my blood. I managed somehow to dodge his dive by jumping to one side, but could think of nothing but getting out of there in a hurry, and found myself running straight down the road in front of him, by the side of a new fence I had just built of one strand hog wire, and three strands barbed wire.

For some 150 yards, it was me and him, but was fast becoming more him than me. Not only was he breathing hot air down my neck, but spurting blood at my back. Something had to be done, and done quick. I decided to try vaulting over the fence, which was on a high bank beside the road to my left. I couldn't afford to even glance backward to see what my chances were; neither could I afford to slow down to make the leap, and one leap would have to do it. If I grapped the barbs of the wire in my hand, they would just have to but in, as there was no time to make the slightest change in my grip. Timing my steps, and leaning toward the fence, I made a desperate grab for the top wires and swung myself over, falling flat on the ground. As I rolled away from the fence, I heard the fence posts crack, as Pat threw his weight against the fence; but it held, and turned him back. Something seemed to boost me up as I cleared the fence. The good Lord

must have been with me, for the devil was behind me, and if I even as much as scratched my hand, I don't remember it.

However, this was not the end of the chase or excitement—there was another episode to follow. A posse of ten neighbors was formed, composed of five white and five colored people, to go and get Pat, dead or alive. His trail was easily followed, for the stream of blood led to the back side of the farm, where he barricaded himself in a thick swamp. As we reached the head of the swamp, and got organized for the search, old Pat didn't wait for us to come into the swamp after him, but came out of the swamp with a surprise attack plan of his own, forcing us to abandon ours. New plans were formulated immediately without further discussion. The expedition was completely routed, with all organization practically non-existent, except for one final item of strategy—we all headed for the same tree, in fairly open pasture, as it was the only one nearby. One lone pine tree about 20 feet tall was the object of our intent interest, and climbing as high as possible was our goal. Left on the ground, however, was my dad, who was about 75 at the time, and as he was the last to arrive on the scene, he found the tree full of people so much so, that the top of the tree was bent over in almost a half circle. The one on top, which happened to be the writer, was yelling, "Don't come no higher! It's getting ready to pop off!" I wish I had a picture of the entire scene. The bull arrived at the tree only seconds behind my dad, who fought him to a finish with a pitchfork, around and around the foot of the tree. Finally, when Pat could stand the fork no longer, he rushed off to the swamp and fell, to the relief of the bending tree and its occupants. Who was the Hero? Dear old Dad. And Pat, almost bled to death, for he never got on his feet again. He was dragged to the truck, and Polly finally got his bull. The Lesson . . . Keep an eye on a bull.



## MY LOVE FOR GAMES

Few people have success in any vocation without first having a love for it, and though I never played any sport professionally, I enjoyed all games as much as anyone who did. They not only afforded me a variety of interests in life, but also aided me in my profession as a farmer. I learned to know and love people better that way. People, as well as most animals, are born with a playful instinct. The bounce of a ball is a challenge to youth to bounce with it. A sleeping kitten is quickly aroused by the bounce of a ball or a moving string. Even the attention of the evasive bass is attracted, as he quietly fans the water on the cool shady side of a lot, when a popping bug is drawn through the water over his head. His playful instinct is hard to hold back. Fishing is not a lazy man's game; there's work in it, if it is done right.

When a person says, "That game has too much work in it," he is either a little on the lazy side, or is letting his age take over, for who minds the work of a good game. Any game is just as clean and pleasant as the ones who play it. If a game is broken up with an argument or a fight, it is not the fault of the game, but purely a verdict against the players.

I have always had a special preference for any game that is played with a ball, and because such games are usually outdoor games that call for real action and skill, they appealed to my growing nature and interest. One of the first games I learned to play was called "paddle-cat," which was played with a paddle and ball. Just where the "cat" came in, I have never known, but I liked the game, and it was in playing this game, that I learned I could hit a ball any way you could throw it to me. The entire school played it, and no team or sides were needed. There was also a game called "scrub," in which the batter ran to one base and back home. In this game, also, no sides were chosen, and you received a turn at bat only when you got another person "out." In the game of "town-ball," sides or teams were chosen, and I liked this game very much. It was similar to baseball, differing only in the fact that the ball was not thrown fast, and each team pitched to its own batters. The ball was different, being softer, as the runner could be hit with the ball between bases to make put-outs. Also, the whole team had to be put out before changing sides.

When I was twelve, our teacher, Miss Adell Quarrels, started teaching us to play baseball. She would pitch for both sides, and I will never forget her saying, as she delivered the ball, "Here it is!" We took baseball from there as our favorite pastime for the next 25 years. Our crowning achievement at

school was to take the three Sharpe boys—Jip, Cal and Mel, and beat a full nine of other teams in school every day at noontime. This was accomplished mostly by the strike-outs on Jip's fast, high, inside balls from the box, by Cal catching with one left-handed work glove, (no mask), and by Mel on first base, ready to cover infield or outfield.

I started playing with the local White Plains team at the age of fifteen. I played 15 to 25 games every summer, losing only two or three games each season, for some twenty five years. Second base was my regular position, but I could play any one of the nine positions, including pitcher and catcher, always being the first batter up. I wasn't a long-ball hitter, but my average was over 400 for the season. Being a pull hitter, my best hits were sharp singles over third base, and two-baggers into left field and center field. By crouching low over the plate, with choked bat, I drew many walks, singled often through infield, struck out only twice, and never fanned during my playing career.

To the best of my knowledge, the following names made up the first team organized at White Plains, and other teams that followed later:

Cal Sharpe .....	2B	Millard Benton .....	CF
Tillman Haygood .....	SS	Harold Sorrell .....	1B
Dock Prather .....	C	Rae Sorrell .....	2B
J. W. Deloach .....	LF	Clyde Ramage .....	3B
Mel Sharpe .....	1B	Jeff Daniel .....	LF
Jess Tomlinson .....	CF	Glenn Sorrell .....	C
Bill Tomlinson .....	3B	Pat Benton .....	RF
Arthur Lankford .....	RF	Morris Daniel .....	SS
Jip Sharpe .....	P	Percy Benton .....	P
Hiram Daniel .....	P	Curtis Sorrell .....	P
Ed Simonton .....	C	J. B. McLain .....	P
Johnny Finney .....	SS	Richard Finney .....	CF
Louis Finney .....	LF	Hal Finney .....	C
Jack Finney .....	1B	Walter Finney .....	2B
Phil Finney .....	RF	Bobby Finney .....	3B
Charles Finney .....	P		

The Sharpe team lined up in this order:

Cal Sharpe .....	2B	Jack Sharpe .....	SS
Mel Sharpe .....	C	Oat Sharpe .....	3B
Rut Sharpe .....	1B	Henry Sharpe .....	LF
Ernest Sharpe .....	CF	Bill Sharpe .....	RF
Jip Sharpe .....	P	Web Sharpe .....	PH
Jim Sharpe (Dad) .....			Manager

After playing baseball for 33 years, I hit my first golf ball in 1950. It sailed about 150 yards, having been hit with one of Percy Benton's clubs. I never hit another golf ball until Christmas of the same year, when Millard Benton gave me some old clubs and balls, and since that time, I have never enjoyed any game any better.

I started with one hole, building my golf course, and ten years later had worked it into an 18-hole course, par 72, which I have parred many times. My best score was a four-under-par, 68. Twice I have been thrilled to make a "hole in one" during a game, and once during practice.

The game of golf is the only game that is played on the player's honor. You don't shout, or throw pop bottles at the opposing player, when he gets ready to stroke the ball. Instead, every player stands back, in perfect quietness, to honor his opponent's stroke, and if it is good, he gets everyone's praise. Likewise, he gets everyone's sympathy if it isn't a good stroke. In no other game have I found this sort of spirit, and to me, it closely compares with the game of life. Golf has its hazards incorporated into the game, in such a way that the serious-minded players

soon overcome them, but the careless players are eliminated by them. Like the game of life, it has its spiritual and moral lessons to be learned, with many physical and mental obstacles along the way. Overcoming these obstacles make the game all the more interesting to the serious-minded thinker and player.

No greater comparison to the game of life is there, than the fact that *"Few there be who par the course, for straight and narrow is the fairway that leads to a perfect score, but broad and dense are the wooded areas and the sand-traps, where multitudes lose the ball."* Many ministers like the game because of its clean thinking, good fellowship and exercise. Hitting the ball over water is a mental hazard, requiring concentration on hitting the ball, and not on the water. Hitting into sand-traps is a physical hazard, requiring skill in getting out without extra strokes. Observing the golden rule comes natural in golf. Honesty is the first lesson learned. If you fail that simple lesson, you will have to drop out of golf, because no one wants to play with you in the "Game of Honor."



J. Cal takes a drive



Members registering at Spring Lake Golf Club are as follows:

- |                     |                      |                       |                   |
|---------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. J. Cal Sharpe    | 25. J. O. Sharpe     | 49. Dick Binger       | 73. G. Palmer     |
| 2. Frank McCarley   | 26. Roy Anthony      | 50. M. H. Sharpe      | 74. Joe Higgins   |
| 3. Jr. McCarley     | 27. Milton Webb      | 51. Tomie Swain       | 75. J. Cole       |
| 4. Verne Foster     | 28. R. W. Breed      | 52. Earl Swain        | 76. L. Howard     |
| 5. Morris Daniel    | 29. W. Anthony       | 53. Dale Swain        | 77. N. Callahan   |
| 6. Clarence Sharpe  | 30. Parker Moon      | 54. John Jacob        | 78. Dock Smith    |
| 7. Jack Sharpe      | 31. Jr. Philpot      | 55. Bo-Cat Boyd       | 79. Fred Gray     |
| 8. Larry Sharpe     | 32. E. Noles         | 56. Jimmie Moon       | 80. O. L. Johnson |
| 9. Gladys Body      | 33. M. Barnett       | 57. Wilton Webb       | 81. J. Whitlow    |
| 10. Bob Williams    | 34. Ed. Beall        | 58. Sarah L. McCarley | 82. Frank Jones   |
| 11. Thomas Body     | 35. J. E. McCarley   | 59. Ruth McCarley     | 83. J. Paul Jones |
| 12. Loyd Grover     | 36. Roy Brown        | 60. J. V. Baily       | 84. Mr. Groom     |
| 13. Chas. Cummings  | 37. H. Manly         | 61. Cathie Baily      | 85. T. Groom      |
| 14. Lamar Odem      | 38. T. Muldrew       | 62. John Hanson       | 86. Miss Cumbee   |
| 15. Jerry Odem      | 39. M. Burson        | 63. Morgan Windsor    | 87. A. Cunningham |
| 16. Butch Fuller    | 40. T. Cottle        | 64. Mrs. Windsor      | 88. Allen Frazer  |
| 17. Geo. Jackson    | 41. Beverly Trammell | 65. Gaukec Teel       | 89. Donald Sharpe |
| 18. Bill Levy       | 42. Hobs Jackson     | 66. John Jackson      | 90. Holly Weldon  |
| 19. Engman Sorrells | 43. Fount Lane       | 67. Allen Chapman     | 91. John Hasque   |
| 20. Ray Sorrells    | 44. Billy Smith      | 68. Mrs. Chapman      | 92. Jr. Hasque    |
| 21. J. W. Sharpe    | 45. Tom Prestridge   | 69. Marvin Bryant     | 93. Gene Lamb     |
| 22. Tommy Sharpe    | 46. Horral Sorrells  | 70. Rev. King         | 94. Don Ramage    |
| 23. Nathen Sorrells | 47. Wayman Sorrells  | 71. Rev. Roy Palmer   | 95. Earl Stewart  |
| 24. Pat Sorrells    | 48. Dick Winterbore  | 72. Walter Palmer     | 96. Dit Gooden    |

- |                         |                      |                       |                        |
|-------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 97. Albert Sharpe       | 124. James Taylor    | 151. Frank Maio       | 178. Bill Hines        |
| 98. Bob Sharpe          | 125. Ed Taylor       | 152. Scottie Sharpe   | 179. Maxine Wheeler    |
| 99. Phillip Sharpe      | 126. Ronnie Levy     | 153. A. Cofield       | 180. Mrs. James Taylor |
| 100. Bonnie Hand        | 127. Willis Dorman   | 154. Joe Davis        | 181. A. R. Hudson      |
| 101. Mrs. A. E. Jackson | 128. Carl Ernest     | 155. Danny Davis      | 182. Rock Hudson       |
| 102. Homer Preston      | 129. J. Ernest       | 156. Laverne Davis    | 183. Brent Pledger     |
| 103. E. B. Odom         | 130. Paul Easterling | 157. Patsy Davis      | 184. Alfred Davis      |
| 104. E. B. Odom, Jr.    | 131. Paul Curtis     | 158. Brenda Davis     | 185. Susan Benton      |
| 105. John R. McLain     | 132. Percy Benton    | 159. Eleine Sorrells  | 186. Noel Benton       |
| 106. Mary Sue Mac.      | 133. Milard Benton   | 160. Jean Sorrells    | 187. Janace Wheeler    |
| 107. Jasper Sharpe      | 134. W. Benton       | 161. Ted Talley       | 188. Kenneth Simms     |
| 108. Winkee Sharpe      | 135. D. A. Wood      | 162. B. J. Farrar     | 189. Azro Huckaby      |
| 109. Keith Sharpe       | 136. Dan Kaylor      | 163. Francis Farrar   | 190. Wheeler Barber    |
| 110. H. Lauderdale      | 137. Kermet Harris   | 164. Gregg Farrar     | 191. J. Stevens        |
| 111. Don Lauderdale     | 138. J. Miller       | 165. K. Mae Sharpe    | 192. R. Stevens        |
| 112. Juanita Sharpe     | 139. Dudley Perry    | 166. Ernest Talley    | 193. Monroe Sharpe     |
| 113. Gladys Sorrells    | 140. Billy Acker     | 167. Rev. Young       | 194. Kenneth Sharpe    |
| 114. B. Ichelburger     | 141. S. T. Foster    | 168. Mrs. Young       | 195. L. Sharpe         |
| 115. D. Ichelburger     | 142. Bill Sharpe     | 169. Jr. Young        | 196. Ricky Sharpe      |
| 116. Frank Garrett      | 143. Jonny Sharpe    | 170. Jack Langley     | 197. L. Slagle         |
| 117. Ollie Wade         | 144. Joe Bob Royal   | 171. D. Langley       | 198. Jr. Farr          |
| 118. Jack Osborne       | 145. Hamp Royston    | 172. Ralph McCarthy   | 199. S. Langford       |
| 119. Tom Osborne        | 146. Lena Spence     | 173. Bruce McCarthy   | 200. J. B. McLain      |
| 120. Henry Osborne      | 147. Johnny DeLoach  | 174. Mrs. Frank Jones | 201. Dr. Erett         |
| 121. Will Osborne       | 148. B. Howard       | 175. Alver Webb, Jr.  | 202. Bill Smith        |
| 122. John Osborne       | 149. Frank Smith     | 176. Cary Foster      | 203. Bill White        |
| 123. Ronnie Taylor      | 150. T. Tucker       | 177. Richard Sharpe   |                        |



Club House - The Old Home Place



E. L. Stewart, County Agent and Ralph Sherrill of Auburn, take first lesson from Pro J. Cal



For Second Lesson, Now, Watch Close You Boobs

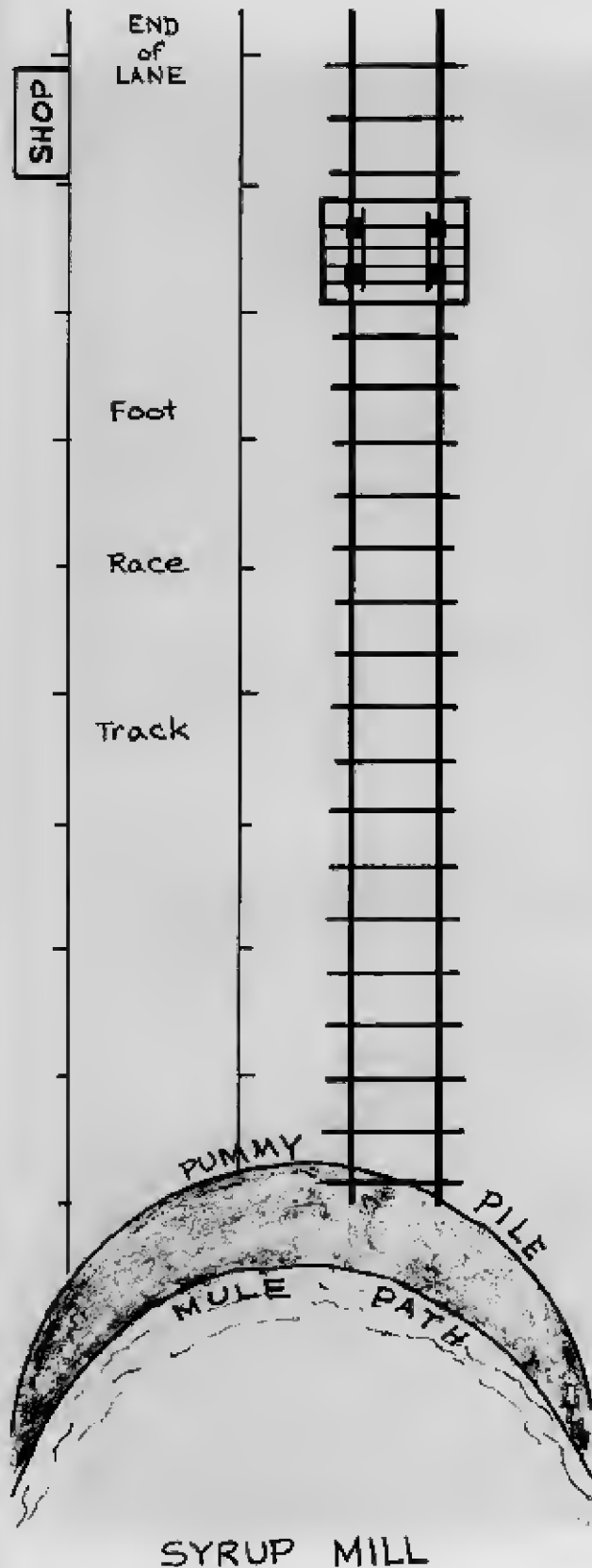


ENTRANCE TO SHARPE'S PLAYGROUND



View in the Cabin Section

## SHARPE'S PLAYGROUND



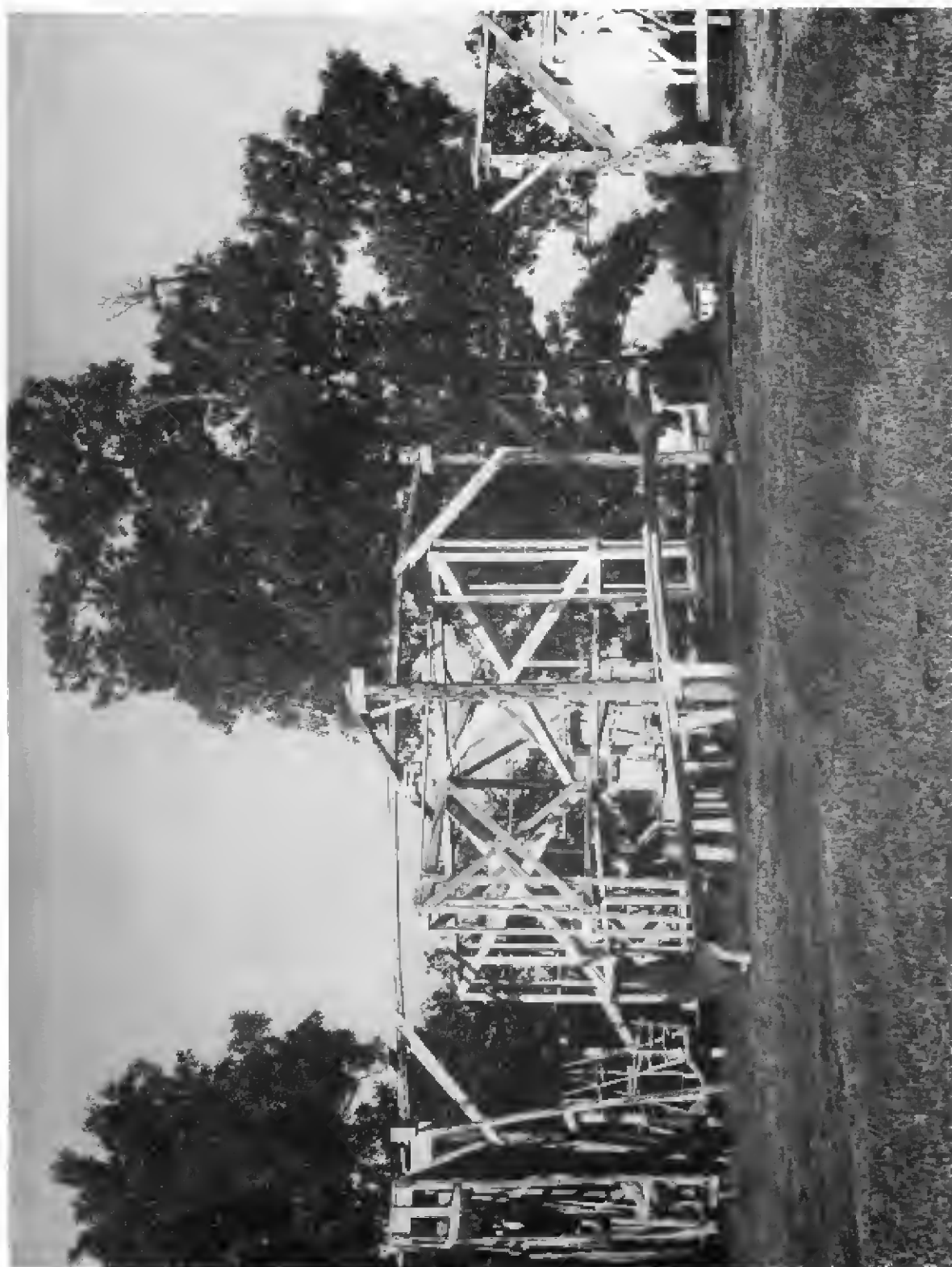
One of the first rides to be set up at Sharpe's Playgrounds took place during the sliding hill, flying jonny days, soon after the turn of the century around 1905, and was used several years. We referred to it as the dummy line, or the pummy pile special. We first built a track of 2x6 oak scantlings, some 300 ft. long that paralleled the road on the south side, that led down hill to our front yard. This road was also used for the many foot races we engaged in to the end of the lane, and back, with the large walnut tree in the front yard being the starting line.

Having completed the track, a car to ride on was built on a pair of heavy iron flanged wheeled saw mill lumber trucks, used for haring off lumber to the drying yard, on which a flat was built, extending over the wheels some 5 or 6 ft. wide. By pushing it to the top of the hill, we all jumped on for the ride down the hill, gaining speed as it went along. How were we to stop it? That was already figured out, when we built the track, to dive right into the pummy pile some 8 or 10 ft. high with such speed, the unloading was instant; And a perfect roll-out was necessary to avoid flying heels, but the thrill was terrific, everyone was yelling for the next ride. It was great fun for several years, and no one was ever hurt.

Some ask us how we managed to make a perfect roll-out on the first impact. First we made several short trial runs to test the impact, and learned how to roll-out of each other's way, by jumping in a different direction. And too, we did most of our riding from a standing position, to be able to jump at the right time, and as yet we have never been able to find a shock absorber to compare with the right resistance of the old pummy pile.



CLOSE UP OF DIZZY-LAND



**Dizzy-Land Network**

The rides are homemade out of used farm equipment and timber from the farm.



Ralph Sherrar behind the Samson Slingshot

With the Agriculture Department determined to encourage farmers to shift their cropland into recreational projects, it may be instructive to consider the case of J. C. Sharpe.

Mr. Sharpe has 250 acres near LaFayette, Ala. Until about 10 years ago he was a dairyman with a 32-cow herd. But help was hard to get and he wasn't making much profit. So Mr. Sharpe began to turn his farm into a recreational area, which he calls "Dizzy-Land." Today he has a rough but playable golf course, a couple of softball fields, six ponds (fishing fee: 50 cents), facilities for badminton,

shuffleboard and horseshoe pitching, a playground, picnic tables and a meeting place for clubs, church organizations and the like. It's nothing fancy; Mr. Sharpe made all the children's swings and other equipment himself from old farm equipment and his own timber. And he's just about doubled his previous dairy earnings.

What's especially interesting about Mr. Sharpe's venture is that the only help he got from the Agriculture Department was advice. He didn't use a dime of the taxpayers' money. This raises the question of why the Government thinks it has to spend some \$25

million this year to start a big Rural Areas Development program. Certainly it suggests that Agriculture Department officials don't believe other farmers are as resourceful as Mr. Sharpe has proven to be.

Still, there may be something to be said about the new program. If the switch from farming to fun really catches on, and if enough acres are turned over to golf and picnicing, maybe it will solve the whole dairy farm surplus problem. Or would the Government then have to launch a program for stock-piling golf balls?



The Club House Chapel



## FAMILIES ENJOY SHARPE'S PLAYGROUND

This is a list of families holding their annual reunions at Sharpe's Playground, some since its beginning in 1949. Included are most all church groups in the surrounding area of several counties, and many Boy and Girl Scout groups. Many class and school picnics are held throughout the summer months. Not to be forgotten are fishermen of all age groups, and swimmers too numerous to count, besides some 250 members of various churches, who were baptised in old Blue Lake, one elderly lady being baptised in a wheel chair with two attendants.

SHARPE	GREENE	BENTON
OSBORNE	SIMMS	DANIEL
PALMER	MOORE	WEBB
SORRELL	McKINNEY	STEVENS
THOMAS	ROBERTS,	KITCHENS
TAYLOR, J. R.	WYART	DAVIS
DIKES	McKAY	LAMB
UNDERWOOD	TAYLOR	DeLOACH
THOMPSON	SHARPE, D. C.	HOODS
RICHARDSON	NOBLEY	RISHOP
MANN	GRAY	WALLACE
HOWELL	BLACKSTON	PHILLIPS
STILL	SHAVER	WODDY
BRYANT	ERNEST	WASHINGTON
SLAUGHTER	PLEDGER	WOOD
KENDRICK	HILL	PIKE
EARLE	SIKES	JOHNSON
NEWMAN	SMALLWOOD	CORNELIOUS
SMITH	TALLEY	GILLIANWATER
HENRY	CUNNINGHAM	FARR
ROYSTON	KERBY	FALLEN
WELDON	HOLLEY	DELEE
BENNIFIELD	WADE	McJUNKINS
BENCE	BROWN	ELLJOTT
JACKSON	MADDOX	HIGGINS
COX	HARMON	



**Cal Rings For Chow!**

The old farm bell is in the fork of the old family Chestnut tree that grew on the top of Chestnut Tree Hill.



**Buster Takes a Nap in the Shade**



The Lineup - Ready for a Good Meal



Part of the Sharpe Tribe Take an Extra Snack by the Lake

SHARPE'S LAKE



Before it was filled



Now there is fine Fishing and Swimming



Tommy Sharpe - Ground Keeper



The Sharpe Home Place From the Air



The House Built by Mrs. J. C. Sharpe's Pound Cakes



After Sunday Dinner, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sharpe, Nae Chun Chung,  
Allen Chapman and Buster, Ready to Go





Grandmother Beauty Contest



After it was all over the Real Beauties Appear



The Decision in this Contest was Tied Up 10 and 10.



J. Cal Sharpe and County Agent Frank McQueen



*Gordon Wallace*

*George Wallace*

## HAPPENINGS

The following reports to our local newspaper, *The LaFayette Sun*, were written between the years of 1948 and 1962. All dates are not given, but the column was written weekly, following the weekend's activities, during which I attended church services in various communities all over Chambers County, and I am proud to say that we have many fine churches.

You will notice in our reports on the happenings in and around the community of White Plains, that we always endeavored to put first things first, which makes for the good and uplift of men spiritually. This was the purpose of man's creation in the first place, and we have always been found tying this aspect into our columns. Following this, an attempt was made to recognize different people in the community for their works and their various social engagements. We tried to close the column with a few notes concerning good, clean recreation, which is so much needed for the overall content of rural people. Our goal, and that of our playground, has always been to develop a place for, as well as an attitude of, clean recreation, clean conversation and an association with people of like mind; and after having done all, to stand and be able to say, "*In God we trust, for if God be for us, who can be against us.*"

### MY FIRST NEWSLETTER TO THE LAFAYETTE SUN 1948

A number of persons from this section attended the Chilton County Peach Festival at Clanton this week, and a good day was reported.

Those attending from here were J. R. Taylor, P. W. Sharpe, J. C. Sharpe, A. S. DeLoach, Sam Spence, George Beaty, W. D. and E. C. Sharpe and Charlie McCarley.

Miss Myrtis Benton, Mrs. N. P.

Benton and Peggy Sharpe left Monday for several days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Benton of Mount Holly, North Carolina.

W. H. Sharpe and E. C. Sharpe returned to Clanton, Alabama, and Arcadia, Florida, after visiting with friends and relatives in this community last week.

Much needed rains were appreciated in this section last week and crops are making rapid

progress.

There's nothing like being a Farm Bureau member at this time of the year, with the county-wide picnic and fish fry coming up at Tomlinson's Lake on the 29th of this month. The water should be fine. Everyone interested in farming should join up. We are looking forward, for greater things to happen down on the farm.



## HAPPENINGS IN THE WHITE PLAINS COMMUNITY

Last week Dr. Eggink, J. C. Sharpe, and J. M. Spence attended the Presbyterian Synod of Alabama, held Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at the Government Street Presbyterian Church in Mobile. The church is located at the west entrance to the new tunnel under the Mobile River. Going through the tunnel makes a very interesting entrance to the city of Mobile. The Government Street Church was organized in 1830, and is one of the largest churches in the area. Rev. J. C. Frist is the pastor, and was Host to the Synod. Rev. Robert H. Walker, the retiring Moderator, opened the first session of the Synod Tuesday night with a sermon from the 9th chapter of Acts, using for his subject the words of Paul, *"Who Art Thou Lord? and What Wilt Thou Have Me To Do?"* He told of picking up an old darkey, giving him a lift into town. He noticed that the old Negro gazed at the Bible on the seat beside him. He asked if he knew what was in that book (thinking that he might have a chance to preach him a sermon while riding along, as he was just out of the Seminary, and was just bubbling over to tell somebody what he knew). "Boss," the darkey said, "I can't read or write, and I don't know much about what's in that book, but I can tell you *who's* in it." Rev. Walker declared that to be the great need of today, not to know so much about *what* is in the Bible, but *who's* in it. He added that he did not know all the answers to the problems of the Church today, but he knows someone who does know.

Dr. Russell of Montgomery (brother of Senator Russell of Georgia) was elected Moderator, and presided over the remaining sessions. A large number of young ministers were introduced in the Synod for their first year. Among other highlights of the Synod meeting was an address by Col. LeCraw, a former mayor of Atlanta, a man with world travel experience for many years, and a missionary to China and Japan, where he had watched the progress of Communism first hand. He declared there was a real danger of Communism stealing the place that Christianity holds, and becoming the most dynamic force in the world. His conclusion was that this world menace or ideology could not be killed by bullets, but could be killed only by a better ideology, and that Christianity had only three or four years more, in which it might rescue itself from such a world domination.

The Synod of Alabama concurred with the Synod of Mississippi in a program of exchange of special evangelistic workers in the two states, for a more extended program of evangelism.

On the way down, we had the privilege of visiting with Dr. Evers Hospital in Andalusia, where he is doing a good work, specializing in alcoholic cases. South Alabama contains many Chambers Countians. At Andalusia we met Albert and Monroe Sharpe, in the recapping business. In Brewton we stopped for refreshments, and found ourselves in Willard Morman's Drug Store; a door or two down the street was Mr. Jennings' Drug Store;

both are from LaFayette, doing fine with new homes and being well-fixed. Also Rev. and Mrs. Gene Poe were happy in their new manse just completed by the congregation of the Presbyterian Church at Brewton. Rev. Poe is a former Pastor of the Lebanon Church, and sends greetings to Chambers County. Rev. and Mrs. Marvin Bryant of Foley, Alabama, who we met in Mobile, send best wishes to folks in Chambers County. Mr. Anderson Garrett and his daughter, who visited with us last week end, also live in Brewton.

Dr. Eggink, our new Minister at Lebanon Church, is a Dutch Reformed Presbyterian from Holland, and is looking forward to baptising his first American next Sunday. His first American baptism will be that of little Patrick Barber Zak, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Zak of LaFayette.

The duck count ranged from 15 to 30 per day, mostly mallards and green-winged teals. One flight of ten geese were seen feeding on the lake Monday. Two large flights of geese numbering 75 to 100 were seen going north this week. Someone advanced the theory as to why geese fly in a V-shape. Because they fly as a brood, Papa spearheads the drive, followed closely on the left by Mother goose and her entire family, lined up according to age and flying experience, as well as ability to keep up; the right wing was made up of faithful in-laws, which, as a rule, make up the end.

### My Favorite Minister

Dr. Carl McIntire



## ANOTHER "HAPPENINGS IN THE WHITE PLAINS COMMUNITY"

In answer to questions about our trip to Montreat, North Carolina, we will say that it is a rare treat to visit such a place. It has been a real inspiration to me, and of untold educational value. Hearing and talking to leaders of other states, races and nations gives one the feeling that he has been there himself. Those *Scotchmen*, as Presbyterians are sometimes referred to, like a good joke, but they take business with all seriousness, and, at the same time, have no objections to anyone disagreeing with them. For instance, one speaker from Houston, Texas, was introducing another speaker from New Orleans, and referred to Louisiana as the outlying state of Texas. "Now, wait a minute, Brother," declared the gentleman from New Orleans, "no state can out-lie Texas." The moderator had to bang his gavel for some time to bring quiet out of bedlam, but the work was much easier from there on.

Being accustomed to the rolling hills of the Piedmont area of Alabama, we got an unexplainable thrill, as well as a sizable hunk of inspiration, as we stood at the foot

of a mountain gazing at the top. It is true that only God can make a tree, but the same saying seems to be much more true about a mountain.

To begin with, we were fortunate to have Mr. O. C. Ogletree, of Alexander City, as our companion for the trip, although we had never met before. We won't soon forget the welcome we received for the night by Mr. Ogletree's son, Bob, and his wife, at Chattanooga, Tennessee, along with the antics of his almost-human screw-tail bull pup. The Chattanooga route to Montreat takes one through The Great Smoky Mountains National Park, the Cherokee Indian Reservation, and several miles around the scenic Oconee Lake. If you don't believe in signs, don't take this route. The elbow curve sign here is supplemented with the snake wobble sign, which means the road does just that. No guard rails are used to collect huge stones that slip from the mountain side, allowing them to bounce off the highway and on down the mountain. In many places your stomach dares you to look up or down. You start to ex-

press yourself, and all at once you decide to take it back. These are some of the things that make you feel good when you get home.

The old saying "You can't see the town for the houses" won't work in Montreat, for you can't see the town nor the houses for the trees. Of the 400 or 500 buildings, not more than four or five can be seen from any one place. The main buildings were constructed of native stone taken from the mountains of the surrounding area, with inlaid polished stone floors. The General Assembly sessions were held in a huge circular auditorium, with committee meetings being held in separate buildings. I was placed on the World Mission Committee, where there were many interesting lectures, and much study was given the mission work in Brazil, Korea, Japan, China, Africa, Formosa and other parts of the world. Dr. C. Darby Fulton was Chairman of that Committee, and gave the opening address at the first session, outlining the duties of the committee for the remaining sessions throughout the assembly.

# CLIPPINGS FROM THE LAFAYETTE SUN, IN OLA HOUSE SCRAP BOOK, FROM 1893 TO 1910

Lebanon: Rev. J. C. Wiggins filled his regular appointment at Lebanon Presbyterian Church last night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Norris of Merriwether County, Ga., visited their daughter, Mrs. James Bonner, near White Plains last week.

Mr. Andrew C. Deloach and Miss Annie Fuller of White Plains attended services at this place last night. Baxter.

Honor Roll for Dec. 8, 1893: Primary, Clay Smith, Allen Beaty and Cliff Henderson; Intermediate, Pierce Barber, Benjamin Frazer and Mary Barber; High School, Alex Frazer, Henry Barber, Bunyon McCarley, Alex Beaty and John W. Dodson. W. A. Gilliland, Teacher.

Honor Roll of Lebanon High School, ending Feb. 1, 1895: First Grade, Joel Dodson; Second Grade, George Beaty; Third Grade, Ida Goodson and Allen Beaty; Fourth Grade, Arnold J. Mathews and Mac Yeargan; Fifth Grade, Sam Abernathy and Harland Mathews; Sixth Grade, Charlie Yeargan; Freshman, A. B. McCarley.

Happily Married on Dec. 28, 1898, at the home of A. Y. Barber at Buffalo, his daughter, Miss Sula, was united in marriage to Mr. E. C. Frazer of LaFayette. Rev. W. T. Hollingsworth performing the marriage ceremony in a most happy manner. The Sun offers congratulations to the young couple. They will reside in LaFayette. Mr. Frazer being a salesman at the LaFayette Crockery and Hardware Store.

Mr. Warren A. Yeargan of Buffalo has returned from Wesobulga where he was married to Miss Lola Walker. His many friends wish Mr. Yeargan and his wife a long life of happiness.

School Honor Roll of Hamburg: Class No. 1, B. F. Weaver, Mattie Shaver, Carrie Shaver, Carrie Lindsey, Ella Mae Blakley, Willie Mae Blackstone and Ellie Bullock; Class No. 2, John Lindsey, Mary Tom Gillmore, Carrie Lee Shaver, and Mary Bullock; Class No. 3, Frankie Blackstone, Naydean Cole, Odessa Parker and Rosa Lee Spence; Class No. 4, Winfrey Huckby and Eddie Lindsey; Class No. 5, Fannie May Huckby, Octavia Davis, Sousie Lamb, Winnie Davis and Charlie Spence. G. B. Avery, Teacher.

## ---Just Married---

Mr. Bruno Earl and Miss Irene Sharp of beat 5, were united in marriage last Sunday by Justice J. T. Spence at the home of the bride. Congratulations are extended.

## ---A Colored Auntie And The Eclipse---

And old Colored Sister, when the moon covered the face of the sun, unbosomed herself thusly: Bless Gaud, what am don gon, an happen, now. Sho, de debil is in dis transacshun, an he am gwinter bus up dis ol world. Fore Gaud ise gwinter teck dem tripple plated spoons back ter miss Sallie, an den ahm gwinter go shoutin home to glory land. G'way from here nigger, yerbetter get on de gospel ship an give up dem stripd breeches yer tuck from mars Billy. Fare well vain worl, ise going home to jine my ol Abraham.

An Item From The Year 1900. Miss Odessa Sharpe, who has been visiting relatives in Chambers County, returned to her home in Busby, Kan.

(Note: When this item was written, Miss Odessa Sharpe was about 22 years old, the daughter of Uncle Frank Sharpe, who later moved his family to Canada,

where he became a very prosperous wheat farmer, and lived an abundant Christian life, passed on to his reward in the year 1933. His daughter, Odessa, who married Mr. Charles Shiply, reared a family, and still lives in Calgary, Alberta, at the ripe old age of 92.)

Why do you go to church? A poet laureate, contributes the following:

*Some go to church to weep,  
while others go to sleep.  
Some go their wives to please  
their conscience others to to ease.  
Some go to their woes,  
others go to show their clothes.  
Some go to hear the preacher,  
others like the solo screecher.  
Boys go to reconnoiter,  
girls go because they outhier.  
Many go for sage reflections,  
precious few to help collections.*

## ---A Big Eagle---

On last Saturday, Mr. Will Chatfield, who lives a few miles north of town, was here with a big eagle, which he had shot in the wing, and had captured. The bird measured six feet eight inches from tip to tip of his wing. He was of a dark brown color, and on his head and down his neck, were pure white feathers, and a few white feathers in his tail. The bird was dangerous looking, and seemed not to enjoy his captivity. Mr. J. Thomas Heflin and Mayor Davis bought the eagle, and now have him in a cage. The report has gotten out that Mr. Heflin will make speeches all over Alabama carrying with him this proud bird.

The following lines were penned and put to music by one J. Lim Satterwhite shortly after the turn of the century. The lines were composed during a joking mood, concerning M. P. McCarley and his store, which was the first store built in the community. Because of a smallpox scare, he decided to stretch a rope around his store to prevent the spread of the disease.

There lives a man in our town, who is so awful sked (scared)  
He hardly dares to turnaround, or even show his head  
Ain't he sked, oh ain't he sked.  
He stretched a rope from tree to tree and crawled back in his den  
And when his friends came walking around he says you can't come in  
No you can't, oh no you can't.  
He's got a clerk who's name is Wash, but he's all right you know  
For he can't help what his bossman says for what he says must go  
Yes it must, oh yes it must.  
And if you want a spool of thread, you walk up to the line  
And pay your money to the clerk, and away you must be gwine  
Yes you must, oh yes you must.  
And this advice I'll give to you and hope you'll remember quite well  
For if you tempt for to break his rule, he's bound to give you h--l  
Yes he will, oh yes he will.

Likewise, he turned a similar joke on a local Belle:

There lives a gal in our town who is so awful proud  
She hardly dares to turnaround, to speak to any crowd  
Ain't she proud, oh ain't she proud.  
She chalks her face, her hands and feet, and paints her neck and hair  
And don't you know this thing looks sweet with all this mixed to there  
In her hair, and every where.  
I took her out to church one night, and I know you'll like my taste  
It rained a lot that night, and we had past to waste  
On our face, and every place.  
And this advice I'll give to you and hope you won't forget  
Don't try to kiss a painted miss, especially when the weather is wet  
So goodbye, my painted miss.

After having received a round of plaudits on the stage at White Plains on exhibition night, J. Lim Satterwhite was asked by my brother, Henry, to take his show down to Hamburgtown. Henry was teaching at Hamburg at that time. He started his appearance on the stage with a round of jokes like so:

Who's the biggest man in Hamburgtown, Sugarbabe!  
Who's the biggest man in Hamburgtown, Sugarbabe!  
Who's the biggest man in Hamburgtown!  
Four feet high and six feet around, Sugarbabe.  
Roll little children, roll'm roll'em, Roll little children  
Roll'em, roll'em, Down to Hamburgtown!  
He's a dandy sho's you born, Sugarbabe! He's a dandy sho's you born  
Feeds his chickens on straight old corn, Sugarbabe.  
Got money in the bank and sugar in the gourd, Sugarbabe!  
Got money in the bank and sugar in the gourd  
Tain't nobody but William Ford, Sugarbabe. Roll little children  
Roll'em, roll'em, Down to Hamburgtown!

Do you know Warner Slaughter, if you don't I think you oughter  
A man with cows to let, he'll swear the silk, they'll give more milk  
Than any he's ever had yet. Roll little children,  
Roll'em, roll'em, Down to Hamburgtown!  
I lost a halfer doller at buffalowaller knocking on Webster's door  
But I won it all back pitching at the crack at Plumer McCarley's store.

## COLORED PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

The following is a list of colored people I have known in my lifetime. First, some who have worked on our farm: No. 1, Bud Brooks, a trusted helper for some twenty years. Others were W. C. Ross, Tom Price, Ernest Sutton, Leonard Ross, Judge Bailey, Guss Gipson, Jim Gipson, Charlie Williams, Vess Spence, John Henry Tate, Jernegan Brooks, Mac Gipson, Hamp Gipson, Henry Gipson, Lumos Gipson, Aunt Jane Gipson, Ellar Gipson, Zonie Gipson, Ida Gipson, Estell Gipson, Jim Gipson, Mae Jane Gipson, Augustus Gipson, Henretta Price, Susie Sutton, Walt Linson, Joe Lenson, John Will Taylor, John Dozier, Bish Ilal, Jake Oliver, John Assaberry, Tom Assaberry, Knock Assaberry, Jack Thomas, Dora Thomas, Lee Tate, Buddie Jones, Willie C. Ross, Susie Ross, Charlie Glaze, Elec Woodget, Patsie Woodget, Bill Taylor, Essie Monnigan, John Henry Monnigan, John Obleton, Sam Obleton, Peter Baker, Loss Baker, Tom Garrett, Will Harrelson, Ruie Heath, Dock Heath, Susie Spence, Jim White, John White, Poney Write, Menny Lou Gibson, Frank Billingslea, Gent Billingslea, Maud Billingslea, Aunt Cat Allen, Mauris Spence, Dennis Turner, Sugar Turner, Render Baily, Viola Bailey, Simon Spence, Tom Dorman, Ben Ferrel, Mina Todd, Zeke Spence, Charlie Henry Spence, Jimmie Amous Spence, Togg Spence, Roe Rachel, Zet Spence, Dunkin Myhand, Fletcher Zellus, Mun Adames, Larken Griffin, Booker Slay, Aunt Babe Ross, Pernenta, Ross Brooks, John Will Banks, Eddie B. Stovie, Adolph Banks, Howard Baker, and Hubert Ray fifteen years.

Others were Foy Kendrick, Ebb Kendrick, Lillie Mae Kindrick, Pink Shaver, Dan Kindrick, Chess

Wright, Croff Allen, Tom Allen, Tommie Allen, Glen Allen, Walt Allen, Dock Adames, Willie Adams, Tommie Allen, Cliff Allen, Homer Lee Allen, Sherman Allen, Dixie Allen, Morress Spence, Tom Dorman, Dave Dorman, Big Dave Spence, Little Dave Spence, Osker Auston, Barney Auston, Perse Dozier, Luke Jones, John McCarden, Ella McCarden, Charlie Sutton, Dink Stricklin, Henry Brooks, Sallie Linson, Henry Dunson, Walt Wright, John Rachel, Man Rachel, Osker Baker, Wash Todd, Allen Meadows, Jake Wright, Ed Carlyle, Peter Grissom, Gene Gates, Al Gates, Edger Heard, Will Heard, Larken Heard, Tom Pinkard, Lonzer Smith, Cliff Johnson, Sim Brown, Jessie Turner, Will Kimbell, Crowford Allen, Henry Allen, Charlie Grady, Bud Grady, Tom Cambell, Porter Spence, Charlie Auston, Ben Palmore, Rufus Palmore, Lum Heard, Frank Trammell, Jim Chisum, John Beard, Mary Heath, Dink Heath, John Shaver, Quillian Shaver, Anderson Monigan, Tank Cox, Henry Thomason, Lon Wood, Osker Wood, Rob Wood, Josie Wood, Buck and June Spence, Billy Brooks, John Loveless.

The following is a list of colored ball players I have known in this area. For first team I would list: No. 1 pitcher Johnny Spence, No. 2 catcher George Glenn, No. 3 1B Obe Barker, No. 4 2B Willie Wright, No. 5 3B Henry Foster, No. 6 CF Eley MacLemore, No. 7 LF Ed Foster, No. 8 RF Sank Kimbell, No. 9 SS Jack Heath. Another team would be picked from the following names: Dennis Turner, Marshal Kendrock, Cleveland Turner, Ed MacLemore, Vess Spence, Frank Spence, William Ross, Paul Ross, Barney Auston, Lonie Wright, O. D. Turner, Boss Heath, Bob Todd.

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Unless we can make a case against God, for drowning Pharoah's Army in the Red Sea, or for supporting Joshua, who fought and won the Battle of Jericho, or for aiding Sampson in slaying 10,000 Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, or for performing many other acts of justice upon evil men, we cannot make a case against the English-speaking people for conquering the savage Indian tribes of America. God is fulfilling His promise to our forefathers, when He said, *I Will Make Of Thee A Great Nation.*

Today, we are trying to leave God out of the picture, for which the world will receive a just reward, and soon. "Righteousness will exalt a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Read your Bible.

